





ONE HOUR 60 MINUTES
ONE MINUTE 60 SECONDS
ONE SECOND 60 LAUGHS

1891
316

A BUSHEL OF FUN

(THE HUSTLER.)

A COLLECTION OF HUMOROUS ARTICLES BY THE
WORLD'S GREATEST FUN MAKERS

" 'Tis good to be merry and wise."

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— A —

THE HUSTLER.

McALISTER'S PUP.



F all of the battles recorded in histhory,
Tould of in shtory or mintioned in song,
The one that wuz fit at McGalligan's Corner
Wuz the beatermost one, though it didn't
last long.

Ye have rid of the wars of ould Bonypart's fightin'—
How he bathered away until forced to give up!
But woorse wuz the fight 'twixt Bill Cafferty's terrier
An' Sandy McAlister's wae brindle pup.

Bill Cafferty's dog wuz a murtherin' villain,
As vicious as iver there run on four fate,
An' he'd chawed up the dogs of the town by the dozen,
Till Cafferty swore that he couldn't be bate.

'Twas a bright summer morning — a day late in August—
Whin the birds they sung swately from aitch lafey spray
Of the trees that shtood nately round Sandy's small cabin,
That Bill an' his terrier wandered that way.



McAlister was down by the road shplitting fince-rails,
 His dog lay aslape by the side of a log;
 An' Bill, whin he see him, he shpoke to his terrier,
 Sez " Sic him!" an' p'inted McAlister's dog.



Och ! thin wuz a fight that wuz well wuth the seein',
Aitch dog did his best to come up to the scratch;
But 'twas plain to be seen 'fore a great many minnits
That Cafferty's dog had at last met his match.



Thin Cafferty raved, an' he howled " Bloody murther !

Och ! sure an' me dog'll be clane ate up ! "

But Sandy he shtood wid his hands in his pockets,

An' shouted " Hooray for the wae brindle pup ! "

But battles like this, sure, they can't last foriver;

All things have an endin', the great and the laste;

An' McAlister's pup, so young an' so lively,

He soon put an end to the terrier baste.

Thin Cafferty swore, as he grabbed his shillalah,

That he'd have satisfaction afore he was through;

That he'd bate out the brains of McAlister's puppy,

An' mop up the road wid McAlister too.

But Sandy he 'lowed he'd a v'ice in the matter,
 An' thin afore anything funder was said,
 He fired the maul that he'd used to shplit finchin'.
 Shtruck Bill in the noddle an' bruck in his head.

Oh, sad looks the moon as she crapes up the mountain
 To t'row down her light on the valley below,
 Where by a small strame near McGalligan's Corner,
 Poor Bill an' his terrier shlake in a row.



The question, "Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness?" would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and when asked what pleasure he found in whisky, replied :

"Oh, Nelly, it's a trate entirely to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one !"

Marvin Smith, of Montville, Ct., is the last one. He is one hundred and two years old, and can drink two cords of wood, and saw a pint of whiskey without his spectacles.

The ladies — bless 'em — it beats all !
 When they are young and squallers,
 Their hearts are set upon the doll—
 When grown, upon the dollars.



BRIDGET — The only real American Goddess of Liberty.

ANDREW JACKSON'S EDUCATION.

It is not to be doubted that Andrew Jackson was a man of independent ideas. "Gibberalter," as he wrote it, shows an originality in the matter of orthography very different from the abject imitation of the dictionary which has characterized great men in general. And had it not been that Andrew's intellect was somewhat warped by his early education, he would probably have manifested similar originality in other matters.

While at school Andrew was always absorbed in his studies, and often manifested that absent-mindedness which is characteristic of great students. Sometimes half an hour would elapse before he would discover that he was holding his book upside down. By a judicious use of the time allotted to mathematics, he acquired a complete knowledge of "tic-tac-too," and some familiarity with subtraction; and when he gave his attention to the abstruse question of multiplication, he arrived at the most startling results; in fact, some of his conclusions seemed to threaten all pre-existing theories of mathematics, and to shake the authority of the multiplication table.

But his progress was seriously checked by the unwise regulations of his teacher. For instance, it was decreed that each pupil was to do his work himself, answer his own questions, and work out his problems without assistance from any of his comrades. Now, this seemed to Andrew—as it will to any intelligent person—absurd. He reasoned that, if he did not know the answer to a question and the next boy did, the most natural thing in the world would be to ask the next boy. Why should he waste his time doing a problem wrong, when, by a hasty

glance at a neighboring slate, he might just as easily do it right? He shuddered to think what would have become of human progress had such a principle ever been universally adopted. Suppose that after Columbus discovered America he had refused to tell any one where it was, what good would the discovery have done? Suppose that Milton had refused to show any one his poems, and that if you and I wanted to read "Paradise Lost" we would have to write it ourselves? We might not have time. Such selfishness was utterly repugnant to Andrew—it made him weep. Once it affected him so much that he ate pie before he went to bed, and dreamt that Texas had gone Republican.

It will be seen, therefore, that Andrew's originality was not confined to orthography. It is a great pity that he did not have a fair show in his youth.

It was a small but select assemblage that gathered in the meeting-house at Crow-Hill quarters to see Parson Widemouf marry Parhashus Hazlenut and Miss Creamer-tarter Sponge, colored. The Parson advanced to the candidates. In his hands the matrimonial ceremony was something more than a mere adaptation of hackneyed forms; it was the discharging of an obligation which not only justified but demanded a fatherly familiarity and painstaking research. Upon this, as upon many a similar occasion, his incisive genius probed the cold conventionalities, and at the end of the ceremony made the bride and groom intimately acquainted with the character of each other.

Addressing his attention to the groom, the Parson unceremoniously began:

“ Parhashus ! Does yo’ take Creamertarter to be yo’ wedded wife ? ”

“ Ef de law’s ’greable, yes sah ! ” was the answer.

“ Am yer ’vised, Parhashus, dat she plays de concertina whilst her mudder plays de washbo’d ? ”

“ I hearn so, Parson, but yo’ kyan’t blame de gal fo habbin’ mo’ lub fo’ moosic dan for soapsuds. ”

“ Co’s e not, Parhashus, but am yer’ war’ ob de fac’ dat she ’m a mem’er ob de Crow-Holler Debatin’ S’ciety an’ de Krischin Wimmin’s Go’s-yer-please F’aternity ? ”

“ I’s hearn roomers er de same, Parson, but I’s a chowder mem’er ob de Keyhose Refo’m Club myse’f, an’ dem little ippysodes hain’t scar’in’ me a bit. ”

“ But looker yer, Parhashus. Is yer ’quainted wid de geolergy ob de fam’ly ’nough ter know dat all ’er auntsisters on ’er mudder’s side managed ’ter ’sco’t e fo’ or fife husban’s froo dis wale er tears befo’ dey fotch up wid deir own allyby ? ”

“ I is, Parson. I got dem fac’s in Creamertarter’s stiffycat er h’elt. ”

“ An’ nebbersoebber darfo’, widout any fear or convulsions er de party er de secon’ part, yo’ takes dis ’ooman fo’ yer spous’, hopin’ dat she’ll tu’n out better dan de skedyule, but prayin’, all de same, dat ef she tu’ns out wus dat de Lawd ’ll gib yo’ strenk ter b’ar de calamus ? ”

“ I does, Parson, per bonum publicus, as de Constitution ob de United States say. ”

The Parson, turning aside, was heard to murmur: “ My, my ! Ef I was a mason an’ quired san’ ter buil’ a chu’ch I’d go ter Parhashus, ” then, stopping a moment to adjust

his spectacles for a new trip down their natural toboggan-slide, addressed himself to the expectant bride :

“ Creamertarter,” said he, “ does yo’ take Parhashus ter be yo’ weded husban’ ? ”

“ I does, Parson,” she replied.

“ Ter hab an’ ter hol’ de same not’sandin’ de fac’ dat ef he tuc dat wig orf yo’d git de notion yo’ wuz marryin’ a aigplant ? ”

“ Not’sandin dat, Parson,” was the response.

“ An’ ef yo’ knowed de trufe dat Parhashus had been dat egcentrick in his life dat ’bout de on’y place he’m lier-ble ter sing ‘ Home, Sweet Home ’ in, am de county jail, would dat tu’n you f’om de paff er matermony ? ”

“ Reckon not, Parson.”

“ But see yer, Creamertarter ” — with almost sensational emphasis — “ am yo’ ’formed er Parhashus habin’ a wife an’ fo’ chillen’s down in Pensycoly ? Eh ? Tell me dat ! ”

“ I nebber hearn dat, Parson,” was the reply, with just a shadow of perturbation, “ but ef his fam’ly ’zertz im dat away, hain’t it mo’ de duty o’ er Krischin ter soove der po’ suff’rer ? ”

“ Mebbe yo’m right, Creamertarter,” said the master of ceremonies, with a somewhat dubious shake of the head : “ mebbe yo’m right, but lemme ax you dis : Does yo’ know dat Parhashus hain’t wery screwb’lous ’bout whose hen-roos’ he picks his poultry f’om ? ”

“ I does, Parson,” came with n^o little promptness, “ but I allers ’llowed dat ef I ebber tuk a husban’ I’d keep m’ eye open fo’ a good perwider.”

With just the least show of disgust the Parson continued : “ An’ not’sandin’ de ’fo’said, bein’ soun’ in min’ an’ knowin’ de certainties er life, yo’ takes Parhashus ter be

yo' lo'ful podner, fo' better 'n wuss, share an' share 'like, till deff parts one or de udder ob yer ? ”

“ Dem's my sent'men's, Parson,” was the answer.

“ Den,” said the Parson, as he interlocked their hands and drew back to avoid the shock of the kiss he saw them preparing for, “ den,” said he, “ I pernounces yer man an' wife, an' I mus' say, arter all de chances I's gub yer, dat yo 'm two er de bigges' fools dat de plow er my 'sperience has ebber tu'ned out de furrers er human natur.”

WADE WHIPPLE.

CONCERNING THE INDIANS.

You can trust an Indian as far as you can see him ; the farther you see him the better you can trust him.

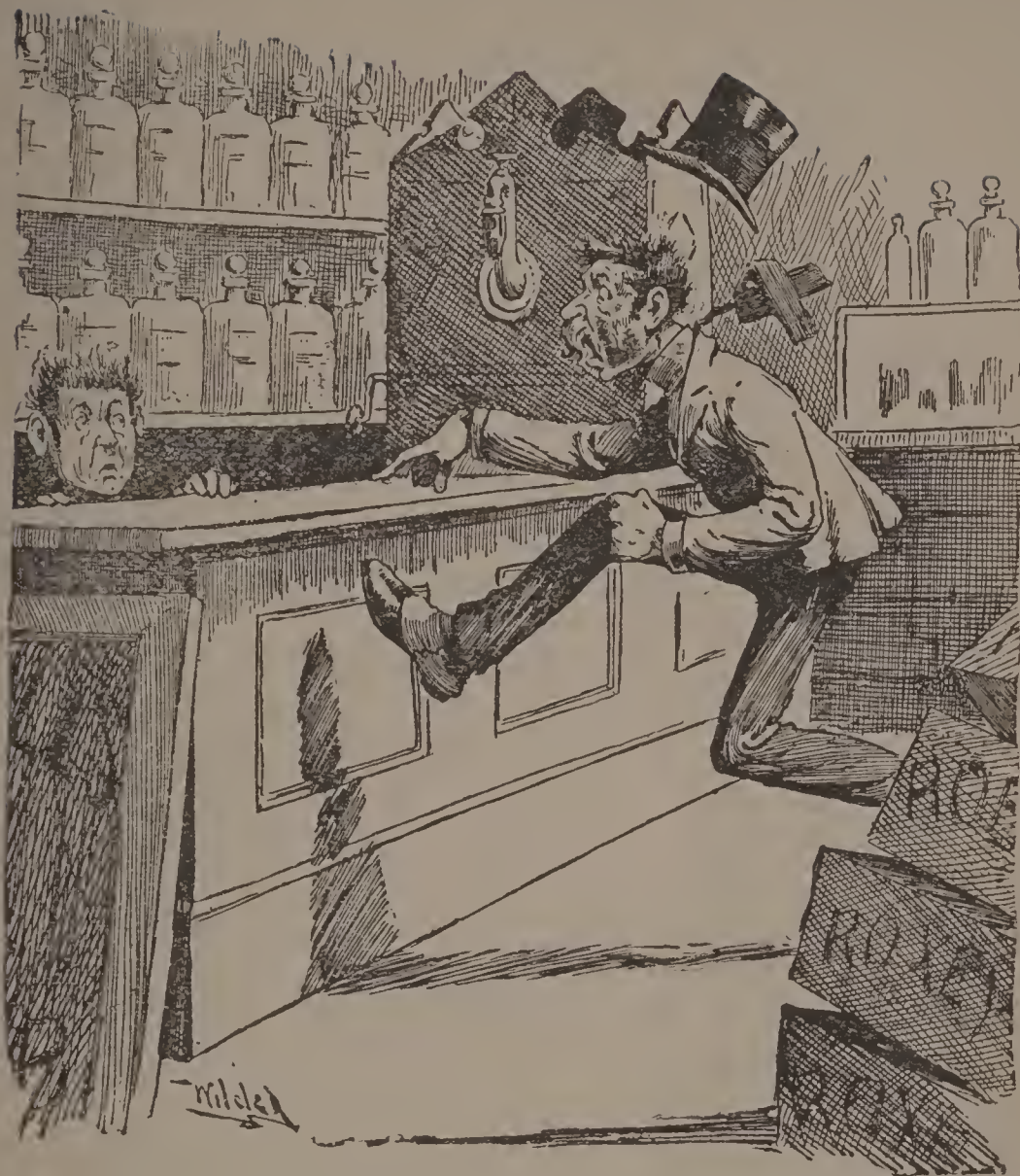
You have seen my escapes under various *noms de plume* in the border stories. My principal business has been escaping. Many a time I have left scores of bloody redskins on the plains — with a fast horse.

The Indian does not want much ; his grandfathers once owned this country, and all he wants is the United States. He feels that he has been imposed upon by real estate agents too much.

One of the peculiarities of the Indian race is their method of dealing with their neighbors. Instead of throwing tin cans and dead cats over into their yards, they go and wipe them out, and that seems to end all further controversy — on the part of the neighbors, at least.

“ Ah, I see there is a new star in Orion,” observed Mr. Snaggs.

“ Orion ! ” repeated Mrs. Snaggs ; “ I have never seen that play, I think.”



The Insinuation was too Crushing.

Excited Stranger: How much laudanum does it take to kill a man! ? ? ?

Drug Clerk: A-b-bout half an ounce, s-sir.

Excited Stranger: Gimme a gallon! I've just been accused of writing the personal gossip column in the *City Chinner*.

HE WAS A GENUINE CURIOSITY.

"What inducement can you offer for a genuine curiosity?" asked a man of a dime museum proprietor.

"What has he done?" asked the latter. "Is he a bridge jumper?"

"No, indeed."

"Has he eaten 82 quails in 41 days?"

"Nop."

"Has he fasted 40 days?"

"Naw."

"Been in a trance, and been cured of a disease of sixteen years' standing by faith?"

"Nixey."

"Is he the youngest soldier of the late war?"

"No, sir."

"Has he abnormally large feet?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Has he an elastic skin?"

"No."

"Eats glass?"

"No."

"Then, what is he! Where does the curiosity come in?"

"Why, sir, the curiosity is that he never did any of those things."

"Bring him along I'll give him \$1,000 a week."

She was plump and beautiful,

Ahd he was much in love.

She hated him, but, woman-like,

To catch him well she strove.

But then, you see,

He was a flea.



Teuton (who has blown out the gas) : Py chiminy, dot limpurger shmells goot. Dey must pe some fellers 'round here heppin a late loonch.

His winter suit he proudly wore,
 Then wrestled with the stove-pipe slim:
 It slipped, and, Moses ! how he swore,
 His winter soot had covered him !

We always know what to expect when a public speaker says : " One word more and I am done." And when a woman exclaims, " There's no use talking," we understand that she is going to talk until her tongue is tired.



Within Prison Walls.

Pardon Clerk (to convict in prison): Be careful, fellow, and not thread on my feet again.

Convict: Ah, sir, I beg ten thousand pardons.

Pardon Clerk: Not one, sir, not one.

TWO OF A KIND.

Sportsman: I've been in this blanked town for ten days now, and haven't seen a thing to shoot at.

Drummer: If you'll put yourself under my guidance for about fifteen minutes I'll furnish a target. There's a man down here who wants goods sent on sixty days' credit, ten per cent. discount for cash, freight-bill paid, and theater-tickets when he comes to the city.

THE OPINION OF BILLY Mc MULLEN, ESQ.,

Soy, young feller, yer must 'a' met Jimmy Hooligan o' der Fo'rt' Ward. Never seen him? Well, yer don't know w'at yer lost, sonny. Jimmy was a hustler, an' jis' you freeze onter dat fact. He never t'rowed up his hands, jimmy didn't—I never seen him weaken. I've knowed dat man ter lic two of his size at onct, an' w'en he got t'rough wid 'em ter polish off a couple more jis' fer fun. W'y, onct w'en dere was a mnss down ter Grogan's saloon he sailed in an' cleaned out der hull place. W'en he got t'rough you'd 'a' t'ought one o' dese cy-clones had struck der saloon. T'ree o' der fellers dat he hit was in der hospital fer a mont'. When his cousin Patsy was runnin' fer alderman Jimmy told him he'd see him t'rough. Dey say he voted eight times, but at last he was took in. Dere was t'ree or four charges ag'in him, an' dey convicted him an' he was sent up. Dat killed Jimmy; afore his time was up he jes' faded away, as yer might say, an' climed der golden stair. We won't never see no sich a man ag'in in der Fo'rt' Ward as Jimmy Hooligan, young feller. He was a gent t'rough an' t'rough—apuffick gent."



Instructions in the Far West.

Teacher : Tommy, spell cat.

Tommy (well heeled): K-a-t, cat!

Teacher : Correct.

AN UNPRECEDENTED AFFAIR.

They are forming a new Authors' Club in Boston. The profession of authorship is so universal in the American Athens that a dime museum manager has offered a large reward for a Boston resident who hasn't applied for membership. At the meeting for the organization of the club the streets were so deserted that a horse-car was only three hours in passing a block on Washington Street. The oldest inhabitant says this has never happened before within the memory of man.

His Little Joke Spoiled.



Smart Young Pickaninny: See me poke me head fro' de hole in de carpet an' scare mommy.



Smart Young Pickaninny: 'Scat, dere, mom ——! *

• • ————— Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

GO HOME, REUBEN.

The postmaster of a town in Kansas has received the following letter, but has seen nothing of Rube. If this should meet his eye he will know that he need absent himself no longer from his Marthy Ann, she writes :

Mister Post-office keeper! Respected sur and kind frend!

Plese rite me a leter saying is there a man of the name of Reuben Jinks in your place. If there is plese rite me saying is he a smallish man with one leg a mite shorter than the other, dark complected and bawld in a place about the sise of a sosser on top of his hed, His hare is a sandyish red and he aint got no front teeth, and I don't spose the black and blue spots he had over his eyes when he left home is thare yit, cause he knows, that raw beef-steak allus cures them.

If Rube is thare tell him to come back home and behave himself and he kin stay, Winter's coming on and he ain't sense enuff to take keer of hissself in cold wether and he kin come home and stay if he'll promise not to set hissself up as ruler of this roost agin, which he aint and can't be long as I'm this side of glory. Rube is my husband. He's a gritty kind of a little chap but I'm mostly one two menny for him. Rite me saying is Rube there and is he coming home to his

MARTHY ANN.

HE KNEW HER.

Wife: I'll run into this store a minute.

Husband: What do you want to get ?

Wife: Oh, only half a yard of white ribbon.

Husband (who knows the sex): Very well ; I'll call back in about two hours.



Still Another.

Mrs. Mulvaney has been to market while "her man" was getting his beauty sleep after the A. O. H. ball.

Mr. Mulvaney: Katy!

Mrs. Mulvaney: Phwhat is it, John?

Mr. Mulvaney: Do they be anny shtuff in th' bottle?

Mrs. Mulvaney: They do.

Mr. Mulvaney: T'row it out.

Owing to the scarcity of the buffalo it is no more than natural that the Indian should sport with the cattle on the borders. He must have some fun, or he can't laugh. The Indian has rights which the white man is bound to respect. Now, there is Geronimo — an ill-treated man, if ever there was one — I don't think that he ever killed more than two or three hundred whites in his life, and here they send him to Florida! They don't want to offend him by hanging him or sending him to the penitentiary.

THEO. BROWN.

HE WANTED TO REFORM HIM.

Oh, there is nothing which so pains me to the heart, said Snook, as to see a bright and intelligent young man who is the slave of drink. Now, there is Bagley on the *Daily Intelligencer*, bright, intelligent, talented, but with an ungovernable appetite for intoxicants. Now, I would cut off my right hand if I could only save him from his weakness. Do you know the editor of the *Intelligencer* says if Bagley gets drunk again I will have his place on the paper? Oh, I do hope I shall get the position.

A DECIDED BLONDE.

Bickley: Would you call Miss Starr a blonde?

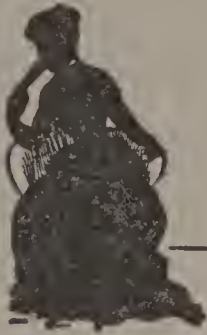
Dingley: Well, yes; but not a decided one.

Bickley: That's just where you are wrong. If she's a blonde at all she's a very decided one. I never saw more emphatic decision than she displayed one night last week when I asked her to marry me.

A Story without Words.



EIGHT O'CLOCK.



TEN O'CLOCK.



NINE O'CLOCK.



ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

A native of New Hebrides once presented himself to a missionary, accompanied by two women, and asked to be united in marriage with them :

" Two ! " cried the scandalized clergyman. " Impossible ; my religion forbids polygamy. "

A few days afterward the savage returned with **only one** and asked that the sacred rite might be performed.

" Bless us ! Now I have only one woman. "

" And what has become of the other ? "

" Me eat her ! "



Nothing New to Him.

Bagley: Why, it's getting to be terrible at my house. There isn't a member of my family who will believe me when I tell them the truth.

Bailey: Do as I do, my boy.

Bagley: I will. How is it?

Bailey: Don't tell the truth.

Bagley: Humph! I've stopped doing that long ago.



Those Deceptive Double Bars.

S-say, Jimmy, make that a lemonade instead of a cocktail. By heavens if I've grown to look like that it's time I stopped!

THE CHICAGO WAY.

Traveler (to first citizen) : Will you kindly— (First citizen is already a dim speck in the distance.) (To second citizen) : Will you ——

Second Citizen : Can't. (Rushes off like a whirlwind.)

Traveler (as third citizen passes) : Kindly ——

Third Citizen : Haven't any change. (Vanishes.)

Policeman (coming up) : Move on ! Why are you stopping everyone !

Traveler (desperately) : WHAT STREET is this ?

Policeman : Why, in thunder, don't you look at the signs !

THE OPINION OF A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

" Nevah bean in England, have you, old chappie ? Ah, then, you cahn't have met Sir Charles Chumley. He'll nevah come to this kentry, don't you know, for he says you're all a set of blooming cads. He's a deuced clevah fellah, is Sir Charles ; I'm shaw you'd like him. He and I were great chums. Such larks as we used to have, deah boy ! One night after a bit af, a supper with two little chorus-singers — Sir Charles introduced me to them — we took a hansom, and Sir Charles got on the box, and I got inside, and he drove until he upset the hansom and smashed it into little bits. We were not hurt, and on our way home we amused ourselves, don't you know, by smashing nearly every blooming shop-window we passed. Next day Sir Charles paid for it all. Oh, you'd like him, I asshaw you. He's the fahstest man in London, and his family's one of the oldest in the kingdom. He's a gentleman born and bred."



One of the Finest.

Small Boy: They's a man bein' kilt on the block below!

Officer: Run fer a docther 'till me an Larry here shakes
aff a rubber wid th' dice. Oi hed three sixes, Larry.



Heroic Measures.

"Dem as kin eat, en won't eat, 'll be made ter eat — 'specially 'bout dis time ob de yeah!"

Little Ethel: Daisy, who was dat man dat dave you dat tandy?

Little Daisy: Dat was my half-brother, Jim.

"Why, I s'ould tink he was big enough to be a whole brother."

A SOULLESS CORPORATION.

The Claim-Agent of the Brass Bound R. R. Company sat in his office, his desk piled high with correspondence. He had disposed of sixteen claims for cows killed, thirteen sheep claims, and several personal injuries—about the usual daily average of accidents—when the office-door opened, and a tall, angular woman entered.

“Be you the claim-agent?” she demanded, with a voice which sounded like a cross between a buzz-saw and a steam whistle.

“I be,” responded that official, briefly.

“I come up here to git pay for the trunk I lost in the Coon Creek collision.”

There had been a bad smash-up on the road a few weeks before, and this was one of the claims growing out of it, which remained unadjusted.

“What is your name?” asked the agent.

“Mrs. Lovelock, of Geneva,” she replied.

“Ah, yes,” said the claim-agent, “I remember now. How much do you think your trunk was worth, Mrs. Lovelock?”

“Well, I dunno exactly, but I sh’d think abaout two hundred dollars would be nigh the value of it, and I wouldn’t want you should pay me any more’n it was worth.”

“That’s pretty steep,” mused the claim-agent, looking at his note-book. “Let’s see how you make it. What was the trunk itself worth, for instance?”

“Well, it was a fine, large new trunk, an’ I had jest paid fifteen dollars for it before I started.”

The claim-agent made a note of the fifteen dollars. “Well, what was in the trunk?” he asked.

" Lemme see — there was my best Sunday dress — a black silk — the material in it cost twenty-five dollars, an' the makin' ten — that makes thirty-five. Then, there was an alpaca dress, worth about fifteen dollars an' a new bun-nit I had jest paid fifteen dollars for."

The claim-agent kept track of the items. " That makes seventy-eight dollars ; now what else."

" Well," she said, " there was consid'able other clothin'."

" What was that worth ? "

" I dunno exactly, but I guess about fifty dollars."

" Well, what else now ? "

Her memory seemed to fail her at this point, but after a moment she continued : " There was about seventy-five dollars worth o'jewellery in the trunk."

" That makes something over two hundred dollars," said the claim-agent.

" Well," she said, magnanimously, " I don't want to be hard on the compn'y, so we'll call it jest an even two hundred."

" Trunk have any marks on it ? " asked the claim-agent, casually.

" It had a kyard with my name on it," she answered.

" Got the check ? "

She produced it.

" Seems to me you are a little hard on us," said the claim-agent. " Don't you think you could reduce the amount a little ? "

" No, sir," she said, " an' if you don't pay, I'll sue."

" Sorry to go to law with you, ma'am, but we won't pay that claim."

She flounced out of her chair, and started for the door.

"Wait a minute," said the claim-agent, soothingly. "I guess we can make some arrangement."

She sat down again, and the claim-agent stepped out into the hall. When he came back a porter followed him, bringing under one arm a small, yellow trunk, tied about with a rope, and somewhat the worse for wear. It could have been bought anywhere for a dollar and a half. The claim-agent looked at the card and compared the checks. "Is that your trunk?" he asked.

Her face was as red as a beet, as she acknowledged, with very bad grace, that it was.

"The trunk hasn't been hurt at all," said the claim-agent, "except by the wetting it got when the baggage-car fell into the creek. If you've got the key there, we'll open it, and see what the damage was."

"I — I've — lost the key," she stammered.

"Oh, well, then, we'll break it open," said the claim-agent, cheerfully.

"Oh, no, don't do that," she remonstrated. "It — it — ain't my trunk — I borrowed it from my sister, an' she wouldn't like that I should brake the lock. I ruther take less money."

"I guess you *would*," said the claim-agent, with a chuckle. "I ain't been claim-agent on this road for five years without meeting lots of people like you. We'll give you fifteen dollars for what damage the water may have done to your baggage — or I'll open the trunk, and you can bring your lawsuit."

"I'll take the fifteen dollars," she replied quickly, but snappishly. And, when she had got the money and signed a receipt, she relieved her mind by saying, as she left the office :

"I wouldn't a thought a rich comp'ny like this would insult a lady that way. But all men ain't gentlemen, an' corporations ain't got no souls nohow."



Of more importance than Home Rule to Shantyville.

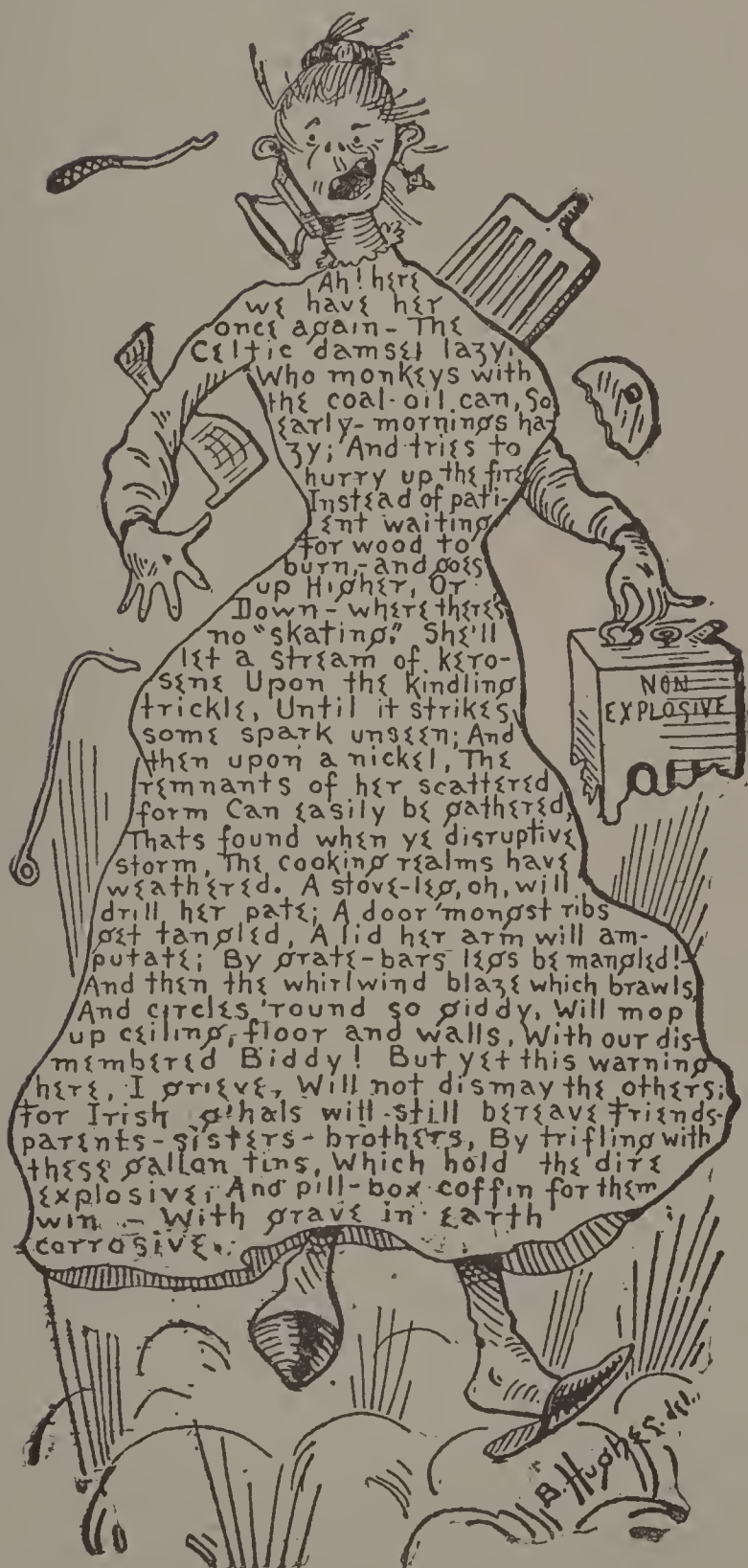
Mrs. McGuffin: Oi say, Moike, did ye hear the latesht news?

Mr. McGuffin: No, begobs.

Mrs. McGuffin: Bliss me, if the O'Govern's ain't built a new bay windy fer th' pigs.

The Kitchen Catastrophist.

By "JEF JOSLYN."



SPOILING HIS ENJOYMENT.

Man (to friend): Come, let us walk down this way again.

Friend: Why ?

" Don't you see that fellow over yonder ? "

" Yes, what of it ? "

" Well, I want to meet him as often as possible. "

" I don't understand you. "

" I'll explain. You know that I am the worst man in the country for owing people ? "

" Yes. "

" And that when I owe a man, I dodge him ? "

" I believe that I have noticed that. "

" Well, now I've got revenge. "

" How so ? "

" Why, you see, the fellow over there owes me. When I see him dodge me, it tickles me nearly to death. I have been so hampered by men whom I owe that I now enjoy being owed. See how he gets around the corner ? Let's go over that way. Say, hold on ; let's go back. "

" What's the matter ? "

" See that fellow ? "

" Yes ; what of it ? "

" Nothing, only I owe him. Confound it, a man never begins to enjoy himself but that some unfortunate thing arises. "

" He drank nine cocktails at a bout,
But ah, the tenth one laid him out. "

So toppers you may rest content,
The first nine glasses without doubt,
Were without harm and innocent.



An Argument.

Henry Clay: De good book goes fer ter say dat dey shall be "'nashin' an' wailin' ob teef——."

Andrew Jackson: Yo' tell me how dey 's gwine ter wail dere teef, brer Clay—yo' tell me an I——.

Daniel Webster: Hush yo' quarl'n', chil'n'. We'se safe 'cordin' ter de Andober parsons. Dey say as how de heathen ain't gwine ter be lost if dey don't know nuffin, and we come in under dat clause, I reckon.

IN FLORIDA.

He: I hope when we strike the Ocklawaha River that I shall be able to get a crack at a 'gator. I want a large one for my collection.

She (with interest born of cupidity, and not understanding the vernacular) : You *will* give me the wings if you get one, won't you, colonel? They're so pretty!

An amusing story is told of Miss Fortescue, and it at any rate does credit to its inventor. It is stated that while traveling in America on a certain Wednesday morning Miss Fortescue decided to start early, see Niagara, and return to play the same evening. There had been enormous bookings for that Wednesday at the theater, and the manager distrusted the punctuality of the trains. So he gravely informed Miss Fortescue that the water at Niagara was always diverted on Wednesdays in each week for the purpose of cleaning the Falls, but that the thing would be in working order again on the Thursday. And the storyteller adds (though we frankly don't believe it) that Miss Fortescue consequently consented to postpone her visit.

A CAREFUL CALCULATION.

Sweet Girl: I like that rocking chair, but I'm afraid it isn't strong enough to hold two.

Furniture Man: No, miss, these chairs are very frail, but I thought you said you were engaging furniture in advance, so as to get my bargain prices.

S. G. : I am. We're not going to house-keeping for six or eight months.

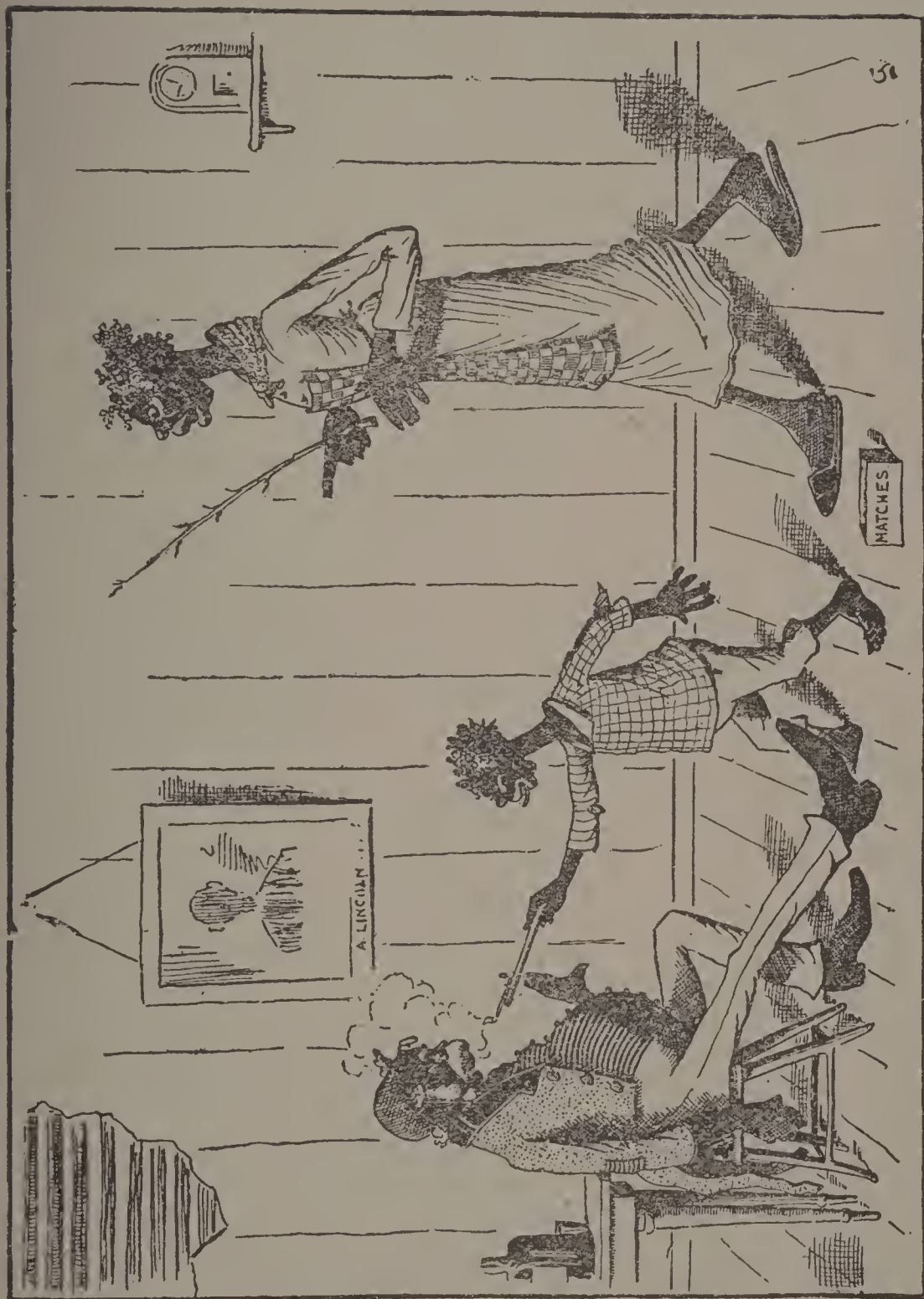
F. M. : Six or eight months after you are married?

S. G. : Yes.

F. M. : This will be strong enough, miss.

Amateur Hubert: Me lud, five moons were seen to-night, four fixed, and the other did whirl.

Muffled Voice (from the audience): Did jever — hic — try bromide?



GRANDPA (half asleep): Sump'n's burninn' Chloe, chile!—don go fer ter let de hoe-cake git scotched, fer I'se pow'ful hungry.

Poor Eliza Ann.

A New York physician has received this touching letter from an afflicted father and mother living in the West. Other parents have had their hearts wrung by such conduct on the part of children who have not realized the high hopes entertained for them. The letter reads as follows :

“ DEAR SIR: There is something out of kilter with our dawter Elizy Ann. She goes moping and mooning around, a-drooping and refusing her vittels, and carrying on in the most oncommon stile. We don’t want it known outside the family, but we are mightily afeered she is going to turn out a poet, and we are all cut up over it.

“ Our family, for generations back, has all been good, honest, hard-working, God-fearing, decent people; and now it’ll go pretty tough if the old woman and me has to shoulder the ojeeum of bringing a poet into the world in the shape of our Elizy Ann. We feel the disgrace mightily, if we air plain, ignorant people.

“ Elizy Ann says she is chock full of the ‘ divine afflatus,’ and can’t help making poetry. Now, mister physician, ain’t there any cure for folks when they git the ‘ divine afflatus ’? Is it a liver or a heart trouble? or is it in the blood? ”

“ Elizy Ann is a good girl, and ain’t a bringin’ disgrace on her old payrents on purpose. She says she can’t help being a poet, and I reckon she can’t. If you know of any cure for her, please let me know, me being a subscriber to your vallyable sheet.

“ AZRAEL JINKS.”



Considerate.

How's that for a holder? Genuine meerschaum ; present from my wife.

Well, if you propose to smoke that brand of—ah—um—cigars, she was very considerate in giving you such a long one.

REGRET.

When I courted, there was no one sweeter —
None to make the heart of man so glad,
Then I said that I should like to eat her ;
And now, well — I only wish I had !



Generous Childhood.

Cousin Ned: Now, Edgardo, if you will give me a kiss, I'll show you my watch.

Edgardo (who is blasé): Huh! That's nothing new. Give the kiss to mamma; she don't get as many as I do.

"Jones was at a dinner the other day where there were thirteen at the table," said Brown to his wife, "and he says he is convinced there is truth in the superstition. I went to visit him to-day and found him in a sad plight."

"Why, what happened him?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"His mother-in-law had just come to pay a month's visit. He says he will never sit down where there's thirteen at table again. Misfortune is sure to follow."

"Brute!" was her only comment.

One Sweet Child.

"Have you any children?" asked the new minister of a parishioner whom he meets for the first time at a church social.

"Yes," she replies, "I have one—a dear little fellow of ten years; I hope you can call soon, that he may meet you."

"I shall call very soon, I am so fond of children."

"I am so glad, I love children so dearly myself. Ah! it makes me shudder to think what *my* home would be without the sunshine of my dear little lad's presence. What a hold on one's affections a gentle, trusting little child has. My little son is such an affectionate child. He binds me to him by a thousand new and fond endearments each day. But it is late, and I must go to him now."

And this is what she says, on arriving home:

"Well, what under the shining sun will that hyena and a boy do next? This house looks like a mad bull had been turned loose in it. I never, in all the born days of my life, saw a young one so full of the old Harry as he is. He will drive me raving crazy yet. I've no peace of my life with him. If I did my duty, I'd go to his bed now, and give him a thoroughly good dressing down. He has done everything I told him not to do: I *never* saw such a tormenting young one since the day I was born. I'll settle with him in the morning, oh, I *will*!"

There was a young man of Killarney,
 Who was chock full of what is called blarney; •
 He would sit on a stile,
 And tell lies by the mile,
 Would this dreadful young man of Killarney.



What She was Coming to.

Spriggs: How mitch older is your sister than you, Johnny?

Johnny: I dunno. Maud uster be twenty-five years, then she was twenty, and now she ain't only eighteen. I guess we'll soon be twins.

You accept it, without contradiction,
That "Truth is stranger than Fiction."

But why? We can make a good guess of it:
Because there is so much less of it.

Did the Boy Steal the Chain or the Dog?

An amusing effort was made by a Williamsburg lawyer some time ago in the local police court to secure the discharge from custody of a boy who had been arrested for stealing a dog. The lawyer is John A. Donnelly. In the case mentioned, a witness for the complainant had given his testimony to the effect that he saw the boy go in an area-way and bring forth the dog, which he made off with. Mr. Donnelly cross-questioned the witness:

"There was a chain attached to the dog, wasn't there?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw the boy go into the yard and pick up one end of the chain, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"The boy didn't touch the dog, did he?"

"I don't think he did."

"When the boy took up one end of the chain, the dog followed it?"

"He did."

"The dog made no attempt to get away, did he?"

"Not that I noticed."

"Simply followed after the chain which the boy walked away with?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, your honor," said the lawyer, while a broad grin of expectation lighted up the faces of the crowd in the court-room, "I move for this defendant's discharge on the ground that the complaint is improperly drawn. We will admit purloining the chain, but the evidence of com-

plainant's own witness shows that no attempt was made to interfere with the actions of the dog."

The magistrate laughed heartily, but, needless to say, he denied the motion, and gave the dog thief a mild sentence.

Prize Winners.

We played progressive euchre
The livelong winter through.
She was a skillful player,
And I was lucky, too.

Our luck gave rise to envy,
And us together drew,
Whereat — since she was charming —
I murmured not. Would you?

So, when the playing ended,
Each night she took my arm,
And, acting as her escort,
I yielded to Love's charm.

A year now we've been married,
And, much to our surprise,
Somehow we both keep thinking
We won the booby prize.

"Uncle 'Rastus, you're failing fast. You're eighty, and I guess this is the last year of your life."

"Well, maybe it is, boss; but I don't know dat I'm failing. Anyhow, I'm a good bit stronger than I whar de fust yar of my life."



A Reasonable Inference.

Stranger (to boy): What's the row in there, boy?

Boy on Telegraph Pole: De New Yo'ks is pounding de Detroit's pitcher all over de field and now he's knocked cold.

Stranger (*soto voce*): I thought a murder must be going on or the police wouldn't be hanging around outside.

How the Hogs Were Blinded.

Mr. William Kerns not long since had a visit from a friend from the East, who wished to purchase lands and locate somewhere in this State. Mr. Kerns sent his friend out to look at the Umpqua Valley, and he returned with a wonderful tale of the section he visited.

He said he visited a farmer who had a great drove of hogs, all of which had lost their tails. He inquired how this had happened, and the farmer said the caudal appendages had been amputated; and it was asked why this was done. He was told it was to prevent the animals from becoming blind. This startling announcement led to further inquiry and explanation.

The farmer stated that the soil on his farm was that known as black mud. It is very rich, and also very adhesive, and the pigs, in wallowing around, get their tails daubed with it, and a clod finally accumulates on each pig's tail, which grows by accretion and accumulation to an immense size, and becomes so heavy that it drags back the pig's skin so far that the unfortunate animal is no longer able to shut his eyes, and soon becomes blinded from the glare of the sun. By cutting off the pig's tail, this catastrophe is avoided, and the pig soon grows fat.

He: They had a long letter at home from my sister this morning. She doesn't appear to find the climate half so trying as she expected.

She: That's satisfactory, I'm sure. And now you must tell me all her news.

He: I'm afraid I can't. You see they hadn't got to the postscript when I left for the city.



Exceedingly Busy.

Stranger: I would like to see the doctor at once, please.

Doctor's Wife: The doctor is engaged just now.

Stranger: But, madame, it is a matter of life or death.

Doctor's Wife: I don't think you could see the doctor under any circumstances.

Stranger: Madame, I must.

Doctor's Wife: Oh, well, if you must, you must. I'll send the man to see if the doctor can stop digging bait for a few minutes.



“Petie Swipe stole second base.”



“Captain Threebaser put Grinning Billy in the box to pitch.”

Designed for the information of those ignorant of the national game, and who must therefore read base ball reports with open mouths,

A Western Tragedy.

The Vigilantes had just captured a noted gambler, and, leading him to a convenient tree, were about to string him up.

The victim, despairingly: "Pity me for my mother's gray hair!"

[They bind him hand and foot.]

The victim, beseechingly: "\$12,000 if you spare my life!"

[They fit the noose about his neck.]

The victim, earnestly: "The title to the richest gold mine in the West!"

[They seize the rope and prepare to haul him up.]

The victim, confidently: "Say, boys, let me off, and I'll show you how to hold four aces every time!"

The Vigilantes in chorus: "Unbind him — for his mother's sake — pity — too bad to hang — such a thorough gentleman."

[They kneel before the gambler.]

Tableau.

The Sunday-school teacher had been telling his class the story of Jacob's Ladder.

"But, please, teacher," said one of the urchins, "I don't see what the angels wanted with a ladder when they'd got wings."

"Can any of you other boys explain that?" said the teacher. "What do you say, Tommy?"

Tommy looked doubtful for a moment. "I suppose they was moultin."

A Lesson in Economy.

John: Clara, I find that we are living at the rate of \$3,500 a year. Our income is only \$2,000, you know.

Clara: Gracious, John, how you startle me! I suppose we must begin to economize?

John: Exactly.

Clara: Well, everybody knows it's the little things that count up. Let us begin by saving the little things.

John: The very idea, Clara. The first principle of economy.

Clara: Yes; and I am sure we can save a great deal now during Lent. For instance, Fridays we might do without pudding for dinner, and — and have salt fish instead of chops for breakfast.

John: Yes, dear; a good beginning. But now I must be off.

Clara: Oh, John, before you go —

John: Well, Clara?

Clara: I do wish you would stop in Smith's on your way up to dinner and look at that new brocade. It's a lovely pattern, dear, and only costs \$300 made up. Mr. Smith says it's a great bargain.

Degrees of Silence.

"It was so still in the hall," said Dobbins, speaking of the concert, "that you could have heard a pin drop."

"Was there a large audience?" asked Peterby.

"The house was half full."

"Is that all? Hm! you ought to hear the silence there when there is a full house. Oh, it's something grand!"



Pertinent.

He: I see that Oscar Wilde has reiterated that America will never take her place among the nations until she can show some ruins.

She: I wonder if Oscar ever heard of the Grant Monument fund.

Won't Do to Fool with Her.

Backwoods School Teacher (in Tennessee, to girl):
Why were you away from school during the past two weeks?

Girl: Becaze I thought that I was goin' ter git married.

"Did the young man fail to appear at the appointed time?"

"Oh, he woulde been thar all right ef it hadn't been fur mar."

"What did she do?"

"Wall, she tuck a dislike ter Dave — that's the name uv the feller."

"Isn't he a man of good habits?"

"Well, he gits drunk sometimes an' fights right smart, but that didn't make no difference ter mar. It was thiser way: We wuz to be married on a Friday. Wall, Thursday evenin' Dave he came over. Mar wus a-b'ilin' soap out in the yard. She had commenced stirrin' it ter the right, an' had got it ter b'ilin' all right, but Dave he tuck up the stick an' stirred it ter the left, an' mar she snatched the stick outen his hand and knocked him down, an' then driv him off'n the place. Oh, it won't do ter fool with mar when she's makin' uv soap."

Customer: I want a few red herrings.

Fishmonger: Don't keep 'em, mum. We've no call for 'em in this neighborhood.

"How is that?"

"Well, mum, the people about here is mostly teetotal, an' they're ~~afear~~ o' being led into temptation."



A Close Shave.

Professor Pluggug (after the introduction): Charmed to meet you Miss Van Riper, more particularly because if you are one of Albany Van Riper's, your father and I are cousins.

Miss Van Riper (sweetly, but with untold relief): Oh, I'm awfully sorry, it's so nice to meet one's relatives, but *we* live in *East Albany*.

" Doctor, I have a pain in my chest, and I can't sleep. What is it?"

" Ten dollars, please."

It Was a Surprise.

They had been housekeeping about two weeks, and one evening, when he went home, his little wifey girl, as he fondly called her, met him in the hall, and said, gayly:

“ Oh, I’ve a splendid surprise for you, dearie.”

“ Have you? ” he asked, merrily, “ well, what is it? ”

“ Oh, I’m not going to tell; you’ve got to find out for yourself; you’ll be awfully surprised,” and she chuckled gleefully as she sat down to the table.

“ All right, pussy,” he said; “ I’ll spy it out presently, or, — great Scott! what under heaven has the cook done to these biscuits? They’re green and soapy with soda, and they’ll weigh a pound each, and — why, what’s the matter, birdie? ”

“ You — you’re j-j-ust as mean as you can be! — I — I — made them myself — boo-hoo — and they were the surprise — boo-hoo-hoo! ” — *Drake’s Magazine*.

She Wanted to Know.

A lady on a railroad train was surprised to feel a hand laid on the back of her head, while a bony finger began prodding around her back hair. Turning, she caught a long, lank, sharp-featured female in the act of drawing her hand slyly away.

“ What is it? ” asked the lady.

“ Oh, nothin’, nothin’,” said the lank female, coolly; “ I ben wonderin’ for a hour if that was all your own hair. It ain’t, is it? Hain’t part of it a switch? I kinder wanted to know, that’s all.”



He had Him.

Tenant (who has called with reference to his rent): You occupied the house yourself before I moved in, and of course know its condition.

Landlord: Yes sir, and I can't take off a cent.

Tenant (brightening up): All right, that's what I wanted to know. I found a \$1000 Government Bond in one of the closets, and am going down to deposit it, good-morning !

Literary Notes.

We have on our desk several posthumous novels — that is, novels written after the death of the authors. This kind of novel is very fashionable nowadays, some writers doing their best work after they are dead.

James Russell Lowell and Julian Hawthorne are laying low for each other. Jim says it won't be well for Jule if he catches him out, and Jule says he ain't afraid to knock a chip off Jim's shoulder any day. Oliver Wendell Holmes says he'll hold their coats, and Sullivan has offered to be referee.

From a paper called "Authors at Home," we discover that Oliver Wendell Holmes eats, sleeps, drinks, walks, and talks pretty much as the rest of us do. This is news to us Kansas folks. Aldrich gets up at seven o'clock and eighteen minutes, eats breakfast at four minutes after eight, prinks until six minutes after nine, writes from three minutes until ten to eight minutes after two. He eats a big dinner at five and a quarter, gives it sixty-nine minutes to digest, and is then ready for poetry orders. These facts about our leading literary guns are of the highest interest to our nation, and we want more of them. Tell us if Howells believes in red flannels? What is the size of Stedman's collar? Does Miss Phelps use sugar in her tea? Is it true that Kate Field won't wear a bustle? Is it a fact that Miss Alcott knits her own stockings? Does Whittier really eat buckwheat cakes and sausage? Is it so that Nora Perry never had the measles? Give us more of this "Home Life" business.

Mark Twain is worth \$150,000,000. Joel Chandler Harris has \$10,000,000 in government bonds, owns two yachts, has a castle on the Rhine, villas at Newport, Lenox, Saratoga; winter residences at Los Angeles, Cal., and Jacksonville, Fla., a palace in Paris, and one in Petersburg, and landed estates in nine different countries. At present he is one of the editors of a Georgia paper.

He Got Discouraged.

"Pretty rough, this Oklahoma business, but no rougher than Texas was when I first went out there," said the man with the sandy goatee, as he laid aside his paper.

"Were you ranching?" asked one of the group.

"No, sir; I was a railroad station agent."

"Must have seen a good deal of lawlessness."

"Oceans of it, sir; oceans of it. I had to kill five men in the year 1866."

"You did!"

"Yes, sir; and wounded as many more. Didn't want to do it, you know; but it was kill or be killed. The crowd let me alone after a while, but the Indians were a great nuisance. I was just counting up how many I killed in twenty-eight months, and I am greatly disappointed."

"How many did you make out?"

"Only thirty-four, but I am satisfied that I have left out seven or eight somehow. When such a thing as that is once off your mind, it is hard to recall exact figures."

"You have had some narrow escapes."

"Over a hundred, sir, and been wounded sixteen different times. The boys once put up a rattlesnake job on me to try my nerve."

"How was it?"

"They caught five big fellows, and turned 'em loose in my office while I was at supper. When I returned I was very busy thinking, and so walked right in on them without warning."

"Mercy on me! and then?"

"I got seated at my desk, and the serpents began to rattle and menace me. Three of the boys were looking in at the window, and I was determined not to show any weakness."

"But you might have been bitten."

"I was bitten. Three of the snakes struck me in the left leg."

"And you didn't die?"

"As you see."

"But — you — you —"

"I had a quart of whisky, and I drank it and counteracted the poison. It wasn't quite enough, however, and there are days now and then when I feel very queer."

"What is the exact sensation?"

"Very dry in my throat, and I always make bold to ask any gentleman near me if he carries a flask. If any of you gents happens to have such an article with you, I shall be ever so grateful. I think I feel the premonitory symptoms."

"But we haven't. We are all delegates to the temperance convention at Dubuque."

"You are? Well, I took my chances and lost. That's the last time I tell that lie unless I see the bulge of a flask in some one's pocket before I begin. This is the third time to-day, and I haven't got the first smell of anything but ice water."



It was Considerable.

Mr. Isaacstein: Ah, sir, you rendered mine poy a good service, sir, in pulling him out of the vater, und I shall nefer forget it, sir, nefer.

Life-Saver: Oh, well, that's nothing.

Mr. Isaacstein: Nothing, mine frent? Did you know mine poy had on vun of mine twenty-five dollar suits?

Suspicious Submission.

A small boy had been having a day of unmitigated outrageness, such as all children who do not die young are likely to have at times, and, when he was ready for bed his mother said to him :

"When you say your prayers, Georgie, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been very naughty to-day."

The youngster accordingly put up his petitions in the usual form, and then, before closing with "Amen," he added :

"And, please, God, make me a good boy."

He paused a second, and then, to the utter consternation of his mother, concluded with unabated gravity :
"Nevertheless, not my will, O Lord, but thine, be done!"

A Clear Head.

"Waiter, bring me a little plain sher — Hello, Horace! Just in time. What will you have?"

"No, thanks, dear boy. I never d-d-dwink during business hours."

"A thimbleful of sherry won't hurt you. What's your business — buying real estate?"

"No. P-p-papa just sent me over to the bank to get a check cashed, and I must have a c-c-clear head."

A man may justly pawn his watch
When he's almost a "goner,"
But save us from the hard-up man
Who always 'pons his honor.

A WITTY ANSWER TURNETH AWAY BORES.

The man who travels on the railroad and sits down by the side of lone females while laboring under the impression that he recognizes a likeness in their faces to his wife's aunt's cousin, met his match on one of the roads in his vicinity lately. He sat down in the half of a seat, the other half of which was occupied by a pleasant-faced young lady. His first question was:

"Pardon me, miss, but is your name James? I have a cousin of that name, whom you greatly resemble."

"No, sir," was the reply; "my name is not James. But, pardon me, is your name Zinc or Copper?"

"Zinc or Copper! No, ma'am," said the astonished man. "What led you to suppose I had such names?"

"Excuse me," was the quiet reply, "but I thought you must be first cousin to a brass foundry."

The man fell over two seats and kicked a birdcage half way down the car in his haste to get into the smoker, while the young lady smiled a gentle smile behind her handkerchief. It was a proof of the old adage, that a witty answer turneth away bores.

"Short, but sweet," as an old maid said when she kissed the dwarf who was on exhibition.

"Would you like to see the paper?" asked a lymphatic-looking gentleman at the hotel, after he had kept the sheet for nearly an hour. "Would you like to see the paper? There's nothing in it." "Seems to me," replied Fogg, somewhat illhumoredly, perhaps, "you waste a good deal of time over nothing."

HAD HIM AT HOME.

In the village of C——, R. I., there lives a Canadian Frenchman, Jean LeBlanc, who supplies his neighbors with groceries and other necessities. He always pays cash for his purchases, and is as honest as a Quaker. Some time ago he bought a bill of goods from a house in W——, through a drummer. On settling he found he was short, but said he would send the balance the next day. Time passed on, and no remittance came, and the house in W—— had forgotten all about it, all but the drummer. He couldn't understand it. About three months after, the proprietor of the house in W—— was not a little astonished to see Jean at the desk inquiring anxiously if they had received the money. On being answered in the negative, he seemed almost paralyzed, and ejaculated :

“Not get it! Not get it! 'Tis very singlaire! I bought de postoffice ordaire *myself* and have *him at home now!*”

Being told that if he would send it through the postoffice it would be all right, he left for home, the happiest Frenchman in the world. He had come all the way to W—— to see about it.

THISTLEDOWN.

“Is your father a Christian?” said a gentleman to a little boy on one occasion. “Yes, sir,” said the little boy; “but I believe he has not worked at it much lately.”



Thomas Concert.



JUST TO GIVE COLOR TO IT.

Dog-fancier.—Well, Mum, have you come to buy another pup?

Miss Plantagenet.—No, sir, not exactly. Mamma wished to know if you would exchange this dog for a black-and-white one. He is just as good as new and we are going into half-mourning next week.

TWO OPINIONS.

HIS'N.

"I would not be a girl," said Jack,
"Because they have no fun ;
They cannot go a-fishing, nor
A-shooting with a gun ;
They cannot climb up trees for fruit,
Nor bathe without a bathing dress,
Which is no fun at all.
And when a girl becomes a woman,
They still have lots of woeses,
For if they love a man they've got
To wait till he proposes."

HER'N.

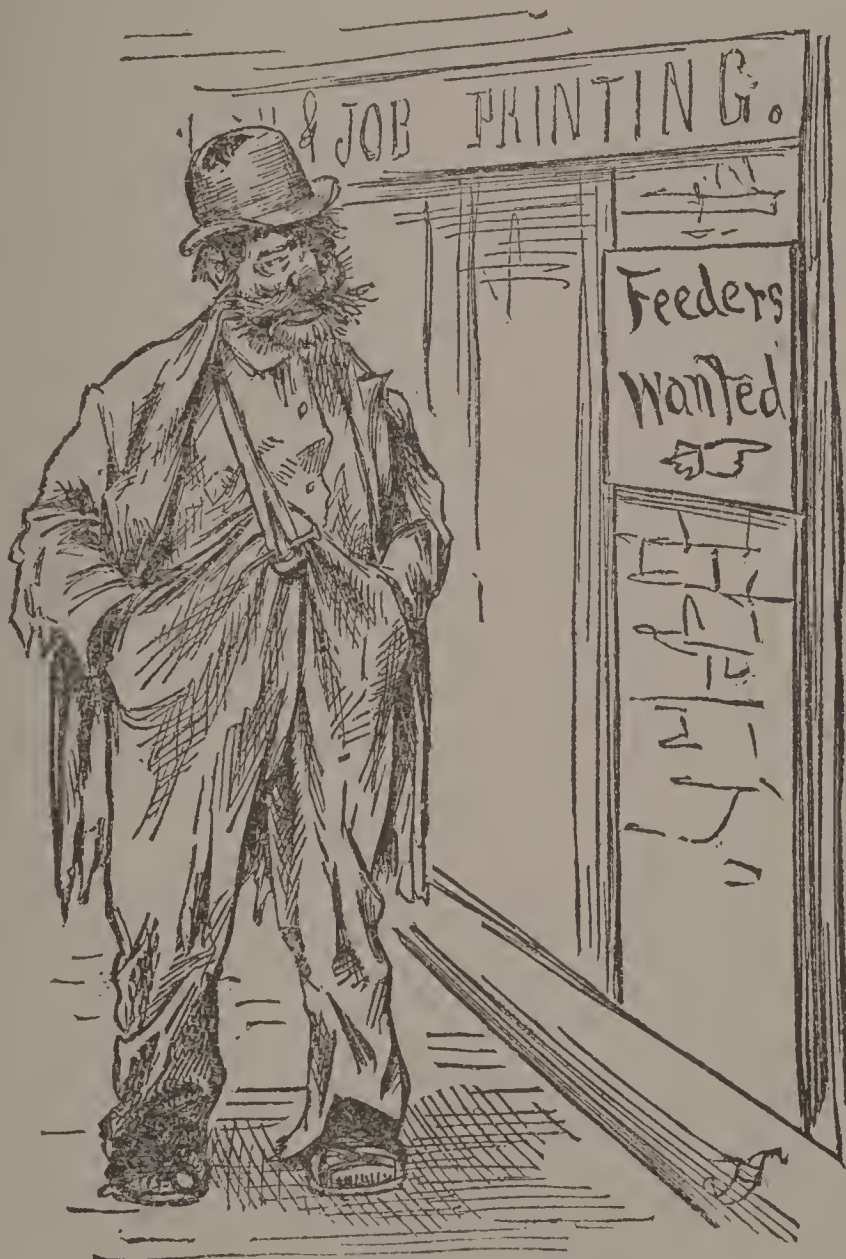
"I would not be a boy," said May,
"For boys are nasty things,
With pockets filled with hooks and knives,
And nails and tops and strings.
And when a boy becomes a man,
He's got to buy girls rings ;
And when upon a girl a youth
Has squandered all his money,
And she goes off with some one else,
Perhaps he don't feel funny! "

Of course women can keep a secret, but it takes a good many of them to do it.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it is far safer to trust to the legs in case the other party is real mad.

It is claimed by some medical men that smoking weakens the eyesight. Maybe it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath.

"Will you hold my baby while I look out for my baggage?" asked a woman of a railway employé in a Chicago depot, the other day. "No," said the man, "but I will hold your baggage while you look out for your baby." He held a baby for a woman once, and she never came back for it, and that is what made him so careful.



HE WANTED THE PLACE.

Hungry Tramp.—By gosh! "Feeders Wanted!" That just suits me. Wonder what they've got fer a feller to feed on.

REMARKABLE INDECISION.



First Tramp.—It wuz dom kind, Jimmy, fer de lady ter give us dat half-dollar ter take a couple o' baths wid.

Second Tramp.—Yes; but it seems too bad ter waste de money on water.

First Tramp.—Well, let's toss up fer it. If she comes down heads we drink, an if she comes down tails we take de baths. See?

(*They toss.*)

Second Tramp.—She comes down tails.

First Tramp.—Dom the luck anyhow! But say, that wuz no fair; the half struck agin a stone.

Second Tramp.—Dat's so. Toss her agin.

(*They toss her again.*)

First Tramp.—Tails agin. We don't seem to have no luck. Well, oncet more, an' dis time settles it. See.

Second Tramp.—Wall, I'm chawed, ef it aint tails agin. We got ter take de baths sure.

First Tramp.—Here! I'll tell yer a scheme. Les' go inter de saloon an' tell der bar-keep' we're goin to take a bath, an' bet him de drinks dat it don't kill us. See?

Second Tramp.—Then we git both. Great head you have! But—say; 'sposin' it should kill us.

First Tramp.—Ye're right, Jimmy. We hadn't better run no risks.

(They don't run any risk.)

CONCEALING HIS CONTEMPT.

One day Thad Stevens was practicing in one of the Pennsylvania courts, and he didn't like the ruling of the presiding judge. A second time the judge ruled against him, when the old man got up and commenced tying up his papers, as if to quit the court-room.

"Do I understand, Mr. Stevens," asked the judge "that you wish to show your contempt of this court?"

"No, sir; no, sir," replied old Thad. "I don't want to show my contempt; I'm trying to conceal it."



Excuse haste and bad pen.



He would not — but —

A LOVER OF HIS FELLOW-MAN.

Junius Brutus Booth, father of Edwin Booth, was at times the victim of strange fancies. Once he took the fancy to be an absolute vegetarian, and while possessed of this idea he was traveling on a Western steamboat, and happened to be placed at table opposite a solemn Quaker who had been attracted by the eloquent conversation of the great actor. The benevolent old Quaker observing the lack of viands on Booth's plate, kindly said :

" Friend, shall I not help thee to the breast of this chicken?"

" No, I thank you, friend," replied the actor.

" Then shall I not cut thee a slice of the ham? "

" No, friend — not any."

" Then thee must take a piece of the mutton; thy plate is empty," persisted the old Quaker.

" Friend," said Booth, in those deep, stentorian tones whose volume and power had so often electrified crowded audiences, " I never eat any flesh but human flesh, and I prefer that raw."

The old Quaker was speechless, and his seat was changed to another table at the next meal

A double question — a conundrum.

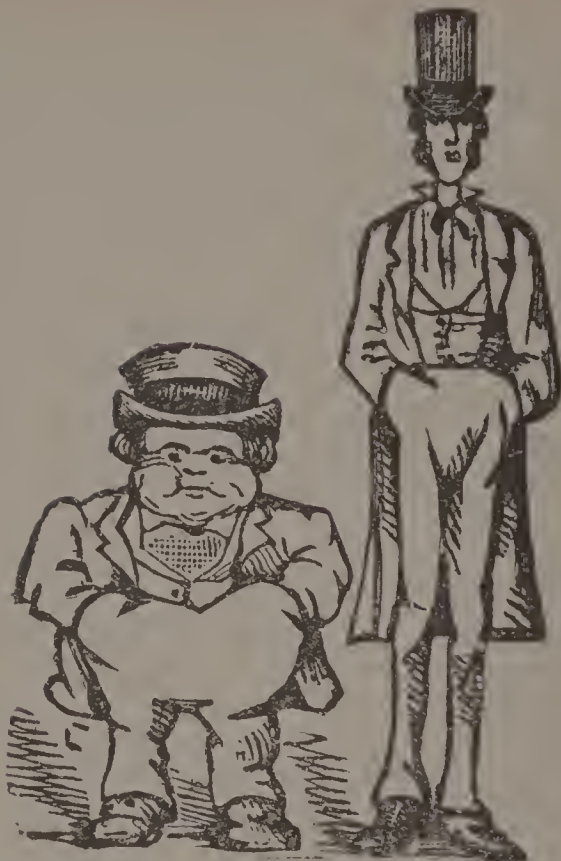
A Vassar college girl, upon being asked if she liked cod fish balls, said she never attended any.

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician; "let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the poor patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

"I suppose in the end you'll be marrying some idiot of a fellow," said a suitor who had been rejected. "Excuse me," she replied; "if I meant to do that, I would accept your offer." Silence.



A Shocking Affair.



The Long and the Short of It.

BLOCKED IN.

The train had run into a snow drift, and the engine was butting its head in vain against a six-foot bank.

"For once the iron horse appears to be beaten," remarked a fat woman in a second-class carriage.

"You shouldn't call it an iron horse," mildly reproved a solemn-faced man.

"Why not?" asked the fat woman, in some surprise.

"Because it's block tin," softly murmured the solemn-faced man, as he gazed out of the window and across the wintry waste with a far-away look in his eye.

A school-teacher asked: "What bird is large enough to carry off a man?" Nobody knew, but one little girl suggested "a lark." And then she exclaimed: "Mamma said papa wouldn't be home until Monday, because he had gone off on a lark."

"Once upon a time a woman died; and as the mourners were carrying her to the grave they tripped against a stump and let the coffin fall. She revived, having been only in a deep trance. Two years after she really died, and as they were carrying her down the same road and neared the same stump, the disconsolate widower sobbed: "Steady, boys; steady there. Be very, ve-ry careful!"



NATURAL SOLICITUDE.

Mrs. Oppenheimer.—Isaac.

Mr. Oppenheimer.—Vot is id, Repecca.

Mrs. Oppenheimer.—Dell der photographer to try to make Gese diamont ear-rings look like real.

Some oysters are born stale, some achieve staleness, and some have staleness thrust upon them.

A clergyman, on his way to church one Sunday, was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. On arriving at the vestry he exclaimed, rather impatiently: "I wish I were dry!" "Never mind," said his colleague, "you will soon be in the pulpit, and there you will be dry enough."



A SOLECISM.

Mrs. Liebenstein.—Dot vos a wery rude young man, dot Ghristian vot you introduced me to, Mrs. Cohn.

Mrs. Cohn.—Vy, vot did he say, Mrs. Liebenstein?

Mrs. Liebenstein.—I hadn't talked mid him tree minutes ven he spoke about my dress und said id vas a "Sheeny" silk.

Mrs. Cohn.—Veeping Rachel! vot an impoliteness!

The way of the transgressor is hard — hard to find out.



Countryman.—Darn me, I wonder where I kin find a barber shop.

Very few people have any idea of the slowness the Austin street car is capable of. Recently a lady with a two-year-old boy got in the car. She paid her own fare and asked what was the charge for the infant. "No charge, madam. We only charge adults." "Then I might as well pay. He will be grown up before he gets there. I'm going five blocks."

"I'm bigger than you are," consequentially remarked Squibbs' boy to little Miltiades Marrowfat. "I know it—a bigger fool," returned the latter. The conversation was repeated at both supper tables that night, and the next morning Mrs. Marrowfat and Mrs. Squibbs were busy plugging up the knot-holes in the back-yard fence, to cut off all communications between the families.

HE WAS GOING THROUGH.

Just before the noon train pulled out of the Central depot the other day, a man entered the depot in company with an old decrepit woman, who was being sent to St. Thomas, Ont. Leaving her for a moment, he boarded the train, passed slowly along until he came to the right man and asked:

"Are you going through?"

"Yes."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"Would you have any objection to taking charge of a lady friend of mine?"

"Oh, none in the least."

"Won't it be any bother?"

"Oh, no, no! I shall esteem it a privilege."

"Thank you; I shall be a thousand times obliged. She is very innocent and childish, and I am lucky to fall in with such a gentleman as you. I will bring her in."

He returned for the old woman and helped her aboard, and those who were there say that the man who was going through and would esteem it a privilege dropped off the rear-platform with his satchel as the train started.



WILLING TO OBLIGE.

Conductor.—Madam, these are the smokers' seats.

Fair Passenger.—Yes, but I haven't anything to smoke.

A barber is always ready to scrape an acquaintance, and often cuts him, too.

The mother had cut her little daughter's hair to make "bangs." Surveying her own work, she said: "Bessie, yesterday you looked as if you had no sense. To-day you look as if your mother had none."

THOROUGH PREPARATION.

There was a miner's son, now ordained, a member of a large ministerial family, who, in his academic days, was as full of mischief as the proverbial minister's son is supposed to be. He taxed the well-known elastic patience of the "doctor," as the head master was called, to the last degree. Finally the doctor said to him, after a capital act of misconduct:

"You must prepare yourself for a severe thrashing."

When the appointed time came, the doctor was ready, very much more affected, apparently, than the irrepressible mischief-maker. After a solemn discourse the doctor drew his rattan and laid it with considerable unction upon the boy's back. Nothing but dust followed the blow. The subject of the discipline was entirely at his ease, and evidently quite unconscious of the stroke.

"Take off your coat, sir!" was the next command, for the doctor was a little aroused.

Again the rattan whistled around the boy's shoulders, but with no more effect.

"Take off your waistcoat, sir!" shouted the doctor.

Off went the waistcoat, but there was another under it..

"Off with the other!"

And then, to the astonishment of the administrator of justice, he exposed a dry codfish, defending the back of the culprit like a shield, while below there was evidently stretching over other exposed portions of his body a stout leather apron.

"What does this mean?" said the doctor.

"Why," said the rogue, in a particularly humble and persuasive tone, "you told me, doctor, to prepare myself for punishment, and I have done the best I could."



A POOR FIT.

Mrs. Montague.—Why, Mary Ann, what is your reason for leaving us so suddenly? Don't you like the place?

Mary Ann.—Yis, Mum, the place is very well, an' ye do yer best; but yer dresses is a miserable fit fer me, and so Oi jist med up me moind to lave this day.

An old poker-player out in North Park rides a blind mule as a matter of choice. He says it is a pleasure to straddle the blind.

A woman may offer in excuse for her red nose that she laces too tightly, and a man can offer the same excuse. He also gets too "tightly" by solacing himself.



FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Visitor.—I would like to converse with the sprit of William Bilk.

Medium.—He is in our midst, sir. What would you like to ask him?

Visitor.—Ask him if he doesn't think it's time he paid that laundry bill.



OLD FRIENDS.

Small Child.—Why, Grandma, what are you crying about?

Grandma (A member of the corps de ballet).—Don't mind me, my dear; I have just recognized in that Egyptian mummy an old and very dear schoolmate of mine.

A collector in this city has the following posted up in his office as his motto: "Never put off until to-morrow what can be dunned to-day."

The proprietor of a Texas bar-room declined to attend church on the score that the preacher did not patronize him, and he did not see why he should patronize the preacher.

CURING HIS TOOTHACHE.

A big fellow, with a voice like a saw-mill in full blast, attended by a much smaller young man, recently entered a saloon and soon started a small riot by the big fellow refusing to pay for the drinks. The little fellow took the barkeeper aside and explained:

"You see, my big friend here is only giving you bluff. He has got two or three of the worst teeth in his head you ever saw, and they've ached night and day for six weeks. The dentist won't pull them short of two dollars, and that's too much. My friend is therefore going around in hopes to get up a fight and have somebody hit him on the jaw and knock those teeth out, and save him the two dollars."

"If I hit him on the jaw, he makes two dollars by the operation, does he?" asked the barkeeper.

"Yes, and then he'll demand damages of you, besides. That's his game, you see."

"Yes, I see," slowly replied the barkeeper, "but there's nothing stingy about me. I'd as soon save him two dollars as not, and if I damage his jaw, I'm willing to pay what he asks. Look out, now—I'm going for him!"

The big fellow was knocked down in no time, and the little one didn't stay to see any more.

When the "late deceased" came to his senses, he was lying on his back in the slush of the gutter, and three or four bootblacks were asking him if his toothache was "alle gone."

"I am the tarantula of the West!" began the big man, as he got up, but after feeling his jaw he started off, muttering: "But I'll save my breath 'till I git hold of the infant who put me up to this and then skipped!"

A full return — getting home drunk.

That's "too thin," as the dog remarked when he inserted a full set of teeth in the old man's leg.



MUSIC AND MALT.

Mr. Schweitzer (referring to the music).—Dot vas Meyerbeer.

Mr. Hooligan (referring to the beverage before him).—Ye're a liar. It's my beer.

He read in a newspaper paragraph the statement that "the child is father to the man," and straightway went and asked his mother if that was true. "Yes, my son," she answered; "it may seem a little strange to you, but it's true." "Well, mamma," responded the inquisitive youth, "why is it if I'm papa's father, that he always licks me, and I never lick him?"

A HORSE BOAT.

Three Greenpoint ladies were recently on a visit to Nyack, on the Hudson River, and the oldest of the three, who had known the town a long time, remarked that the place had changed considerably in ten years.

"When we crossed the river then," continued the lady, "we went over in a horse boat, and now we have a steamboat."

"Yes, it must be a great change," remarked the elder of the other two, when the youngest of the three, an innocent cherub of about twenty-five summers, inquired:

"What side of the river did the horse stand on when he pulled the boat across?"

After a very audible smile from her companions, she was informed that the horse went over in the boat every time it crossed the river.



WHERE DID YOU GET IT?



A SUBSTITUTE.

Old Party.—You were expecting my grand-daughter to pose this morning?

Van Daub.—Yes, madam; she is serving as a model for my painting of "Hebe."

Old Party.—Well, she isn't feeling first rate this morning; so I came as a substitute.

The young man who "turned over a new leaf," worked in a furniture factory.

"You ought to be proud of your wife, McGimpsey," said O'Reilly; "she's so evenly tempered."

"Yes, always mad," replied McGregor, with a burst of wrath that lit on O'Reilly like a pile-driver.

BEHIND HIS BACK.

Grey, the popular porter of the sleeping-car "Minneapolis," on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, recently received a new pair of kid gloves from a passenger as a present. As he showed them to me, I remarked :

"Well, Grey, your position must be quite enviable ; but I suppose you often receive presents which are not so welcome."

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. D——"

"Well," said I, "when I was quite a boy, I remember that a larger boy presented me with the toe of his boot."

"Well, Mr. D——, you must remember that it is not often that one can prevent what is done behind his back!"

EASTPORT.



Papa's Baby Boy.

Miss Love and Abram Saul were married in Wisconsin last week, and thus "Love conquers Saul."



SHE *MUST* HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED.

Mr. Jackson.—D-did dat explosion scare yo' very much, Mrs. Jefferson?

Mrs. Jefferson.—Scare me, chile! I should say so. I turned as pale as dat ar table cloth.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Dr. McGinnis?" said a member of the profession as McGinnis was strolling down town.

"Have you the pleasure! How do I know whether you have or not?" was the chronic reply.

"I beg pardon, but are you not a doctor?"

"No, sir."

"Why, didn't you sign a prescription in a local option town the other day when we were stopping at the same hotel, and get a bottle of whisky on it?"

"I did, but I want it distinctly understood I never represented myself as a doctor. I was a little thirsty and merely signed it 'John McGinnis, M. D.,' which means 'mighty dry.' If that's all you want to know, good-morning."

Moral — Never jump at conclusions.

DIDN'T EXPECT TO GO THERE.

A politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of an esteemed friend just departed, said:

"I am pained to hear that Mr. Gray has gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

J. A. SAMSON.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

A scholar in one of Binghamton's public schools who had "been over the map of Asia," was reviewed by his teacher, with the following result:

"What is geography?"

"A big book."

"What is the earth composed of?"

"Mud."

"No, land and water."

"Well, that makes mud, don't it?"

"What is the shape of the earth?"

"Flat."

"You know better; if I should dig a hole through the earth, where would I come out?"

"Out of the hole."



A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Armand.—Come, fly with me, I implore you!

Camille.—Never! sir; you insult me! I will resist you with all the strength of my woman's nature. If you would tear me from this place, you must first drug me and render me unconscious. You will find a bottle of chloroform on the bureau over there.

"I'm a very sick man," observed the tramp, languidly, as he anchored himself at a restaurant table; "the doctor says I must have strengthening food. Give me something with plenty of iron in it." The waiter shaded the corners of his mouth with his hands, and then bellowed in stentorian tones: "One keg of nails!"

TIME TO RETIRE.

A gentleman was endeavoring to enjoy the company of a young lady one evening, when her father, who had remained in the room longer than the young folks thought necessary, ventured the remark that he thought the hour for retiring had arrived.

"I think you are about right," returned the unabashed young man. "We have been waiting to have you retire for over an hour."

He left.

J. A. SAMSON.

IT WOULDN'T INTERFERE.

A bright youth, undergoing examination a few days since for admission to one of the departments, found himself confronted with the question:

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply:

"I am unable to state accurately, but don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

He got it.



Lost all trace of it.

“Do you reside in this city?” asked a masked man of a masked lady, at a masked party the other evening. He felt sick when she said to him, in a low voice: “Don’t be a fool, John; I knew you by the wart on your thumb.” It was his wife.



HE DECLINED.

“ Arrah! Oi’m not wid yez this toime. Sure Oi’ve been drinkin’ since Choosday an’ its toime to shtop.”



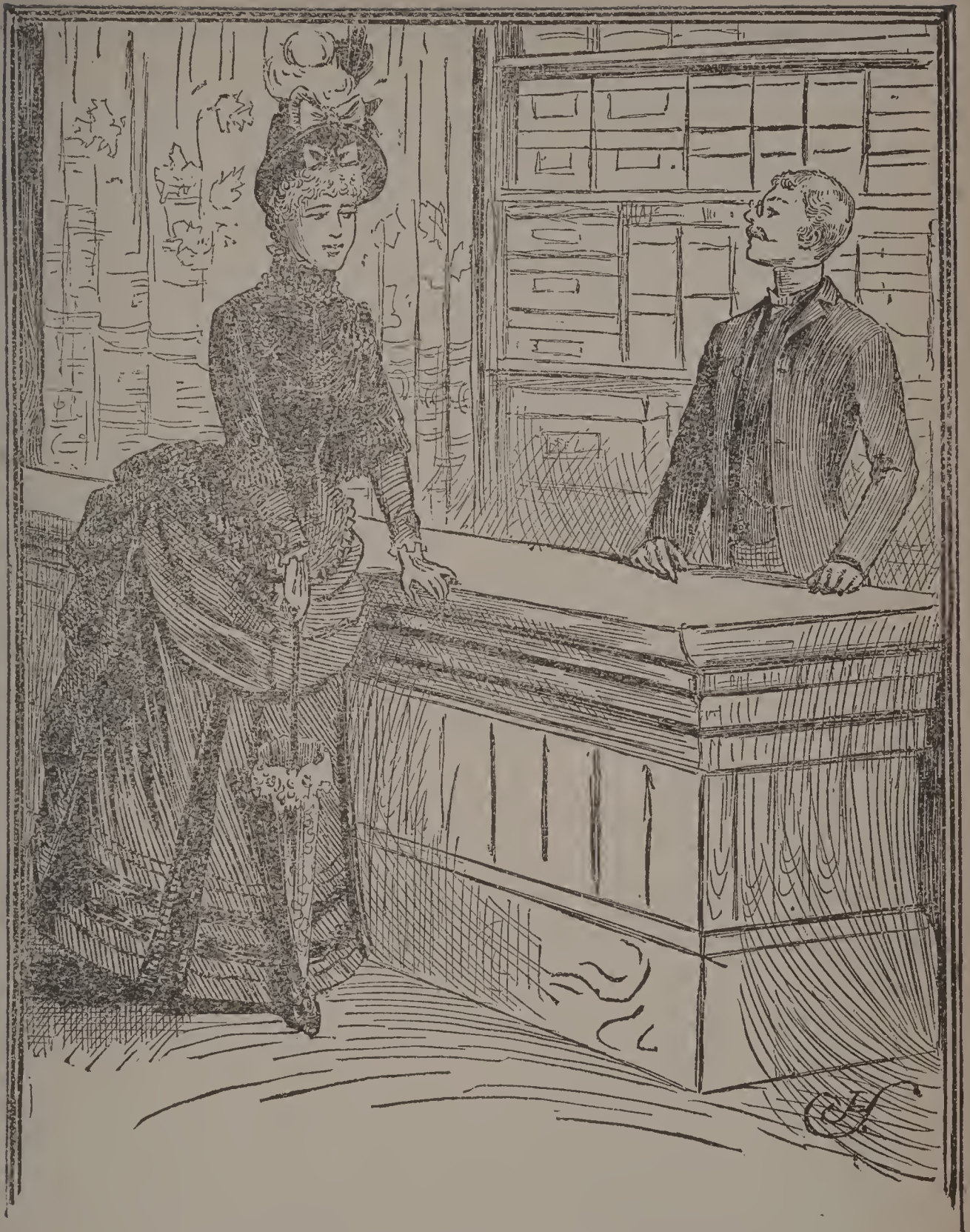
MIRTHFUL MORSELS.

A little girl, on seeing a telegraph for the first time, exclaimed : " Oh, pa! see what a high clothes-line! "

" You're a nice sort of fellow, you are! " said a counsel to a witness. " I'd say the same of you, sir, only I'm on my oath, " was the reply.

" Yes, " exclaimed Brown, " you always find me with a pen in my hand. I'm a regular penholder, my boy. " " Let's see, " said Fogg, musingly, " a penholder is usually a stick, isn't it? "

" Take her, " said the fond father, putting his daughter's hand in that of the bashful youth beside him ; " take her, and try to be happy. I shall miss her when she's gone, but I can't ~~wy~~ over it ; she's too tremendously like her mother. "



"IT IS ENOUGH; 'T WILL SERVE."

Miss Beaumonde.—Have you any remnants of silk ribbon?

Clerk.—Yes, Miss; I believe we have a few.

Miss Beaumonde.—Please show me some. I want one small enough to make a bathing suit.

There is something a little "off" in the piety of the man who never gets to church until the contribution-box has gone its empty rounds.

"Tobaccy wanst saved my life," said Paddy Blake, an inveterate smoker. "How was that?" inquired his companion. "Oh, ye see, I was diggin' a well, and came up for a good smoke, and while I was up the well caved in."

"Now," said the teacher of a primary class to one of his pupils, to whom he was trying to impart knowledge of division, but with little success. "If you had a pie, and I should ask you for a quarter of it, and you should give me what I wanted, how much would you have left?" "I wouldn't have any left!" quickly responded the little girl.

WHAT HE KNEW.

A miller who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect accosted him with:

"John, people say that you are a fool."

"I don't know that I am, sir," John replied. "I know some things, sir, and some things I don't know, sir."

"Well, John, what do you know?"

"I know that millers have fat hogs, sir, and I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."

EASTPORT.



One more kiss before we part.



PRECAUTION.

Mr. Chadband.—My poor fellow, the day has dawned when you are to perish on the scaffold. Have you any requests to make?

Culprit.—Yes; I wish you'd send for a doctor. This cold of mine seems to be getting worse, and it may run into something serious.

Railways are aristocratic. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

A Yankee editor, observing that "The census embraces seventeen million women," asks, "Who wouldn't be a census?"

The difference between honor and discretion is that honor tells you not to hit a man when he's down, and discretion warns you to be careful about hitting him when he isn't down.

In her advertisement, the lady principal of a school mentioned her lady-assistant and the "reputation for teaching which she bears," but the printer left out the "which," so the advertisement went forth commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."

HE CLEANED OUT SALOONS.

"Well, Blunderbus Bill," said the judge, "what have you to say why you should not be declared a vagrant? If you can show me where you have toiled during the last ten years I will let you off."

The prisoner's face clouded for a moment, but like a flash of lightning it brightened up, and he said:

"I used to clean out saloons over in Bodie and Virginia City."

"Who employed you?"

"No one. I did it because I liked the work."

"What did you clean them with — a broom?"

"No."

"A scrubbing-brush?"

"No."

"Well, what did you use, then?"

"Sometimes a six-shooter, and now and then a bowie-knife, and once I remember using a shotgun."

"Twenty-four hours with a breech-loading mop and a double-barreled spittoon," laconically remarked his Honor, and the Mountain Whirlwind was led below to swell the ranks of the "Cuspidor Brigade."



MOCK-TURTLE SOUP.

TURTLE SOUP..

A big head is no more an evidence of brains than a paper collar is of a shirt.

A girl out West says that as soon as she is able to support a family she is going to get married.

Some one says watch a woman's lip if you want to know whether she is offended or her feelings are hurt. History and human experience, and careful observation, all prove that it is much safer to watch her right hand, and see whether it reaches for the mop handle or not.

They busted up. She sighfully gathered up a bushel and a peck of letters, dropped tears on a withered rose, a pressed bouquet of forget-me-nots, a dried bunch of pansies, and a rose geranium leaf, as she laid them carefully with the letters, and next added a mammoth valentine, a volume of Byron's poems, a candy heart, several empty perfume bottles, and a pair of ear-drops, and sent them back, with the brief, expressive words, "Please do likewise." He sent her two letters, a meerschaum, and a pair of worn-out slippers, saying that was all he could find.



The girl he left behind him.

The first thing a man takes to in his life is his milk ; the last is his bier.



REGARD FOR APPEARANCES.

Mrs. Liebenstein.—Isaac! Oh, Isaac! Tell him to bring der bottle of beer in von o' dem fancy vine coolers. Der Isenheimer's Vos sitting der next table mit.

The Hustler, 7.

A gambler's paradise — a pair-o -dice.

The most unselfish person yet heard from is the girl who, on returning home after a year's visit, thought she had great cause to be thankful. Her sweethearts were all married and doing well.

A lady asked a gentleman what she should do to kill the bugs on her cucumber vines. He told her to put coal oil on them. She did so, and afterward reproached him for the ruination of her pickle crop. "Well, didn't it kill the bugs?" he asked. "I didn't insure the vines."

TURNED HIM OUT.

His father was at the station when he stepped from the train.

"Why, Thomas, what are you home for? It isn't vacation now, is it?" said the old man.

"No," replied Tom, looking around for his trunk.

"Well, I thought you were not coming home again until the end of the term?"

"Changed my mind," was the laconic response of the young hopeful.

"When are you going back?"

"Ain't going back."

"Not going back! Why, 'pon my soul! what's that for?"

"Don't like it there," said Thomas, looking in the direction of the river.

"I always thought that was a very good school," said his father.

"I don't like it."

"Well, well, 'pon my soul, Tom, I have heard that spoken of as one of the best schools in the country."

"I'm not going back, just the same," said Tom, stepping from one foot to the other.

"Tom," said the old man, earnestly, "that school has turned out some of the smartest men of this State."

"Yes, I know that—*they turned me out.*"

OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

Miss Passay—Mr. Smythe, do try some of those peaches With my own hand I planted
the tree that bore them.

Mr. Smythe.—Is it that large tree on the lawn? Ah me! How many happy childhood
hours I passed reclining in its shade. (*Great uproar.* *Miss Passay faints.*)

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MORSELS.

—
BY SUE GREGORY.

A damsel said to her "feller," who "lowed it was most time to be a-goin'," "Well, you can go now and come again, or stay the rest of the night and not come any more." He went.

Jones struck ile. Consequently, it became his duty to spread it on some. So he told his wife to imperil herself in her best wardrobe, and they'd leander down to the autograph gallery, and have their positives set for.

A superintendent was reviewing the school in the lesson of the pharisee and the publican. In conclusion he said :

"Now, then, whose prayers does God hear?"

A little chap promptly exclaimed :

"Republicans!"

The latest is to serenade the newly wedded pair with tin rattles.

The fellow who, on hearing of an old sweetheart's marriage, sent her the chromo, "No one to love me," for a wedding present, has since sent them the song, "Oh, let me kiss the baby."

Smith and Jones were always together. A lady, seeing Smith alone, asked where his twin brother, Jones, was. Smith affected to feel insulted by being called twin brother to Jones, and demanded an apology. The lady said she would readily make it, but for her life she couldn't decide whether she owed the apology to Smith or Jones.

A young lady sent to a Yankee music dealer, who had been paying her some attentions, to know the price of "Little German Home." He replied: "Little Dutch homes can be had for a quarter of a dollar apiece; little Yankee homes come higher."



"Waiter!" "Yes, sah." "There's a little chicken in this boiled egg you brought me." Waiter eyes the egg curiously to satisfy himself, and then answers assuringly: "Dat's all rite, boss; don't s'pose de ole man'll mek enny extra charge for de fowell."

A young physician was out in company with a young lady afflicted with a cough. It was dark, and as he was leaving her he gave her what he supposed to be a peppermint, telling her to let it dissolve in her mouth. The next time she saw him she wickedly handed back the button, saying it wouldn't dissolve.

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

A woman who carried around milk in Paris said a naive thing the other day. One of the cooks to whom she brought milk looked into the can and remarked with surprise:

"Why, there is actually nothing there but water!"

The woman having satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said:

"Well, if I didn't forget to put in the milk!"

HOW HE FELT.

About twenty-eight years ago there lived in our neighborhood quite a good man. He was a class teacher of the Methodist church, and was called Brother O. My grandmother was also a member, and it was customary for Brother O. to call on Sister Tolla to pray, and that caused many to come to hear her. At one of the meetings an Irishman was sitting in front of me. We boys called him Luke. Brother O. was walking around to see if he could get any one to come forward. At last he spied Luke, and said to him:

"My brother, have you made your peace with God?"

"By me soul, I did not know that we were at variance with one another!" said Luke.

"You don't understand what I mean," said Brother O.

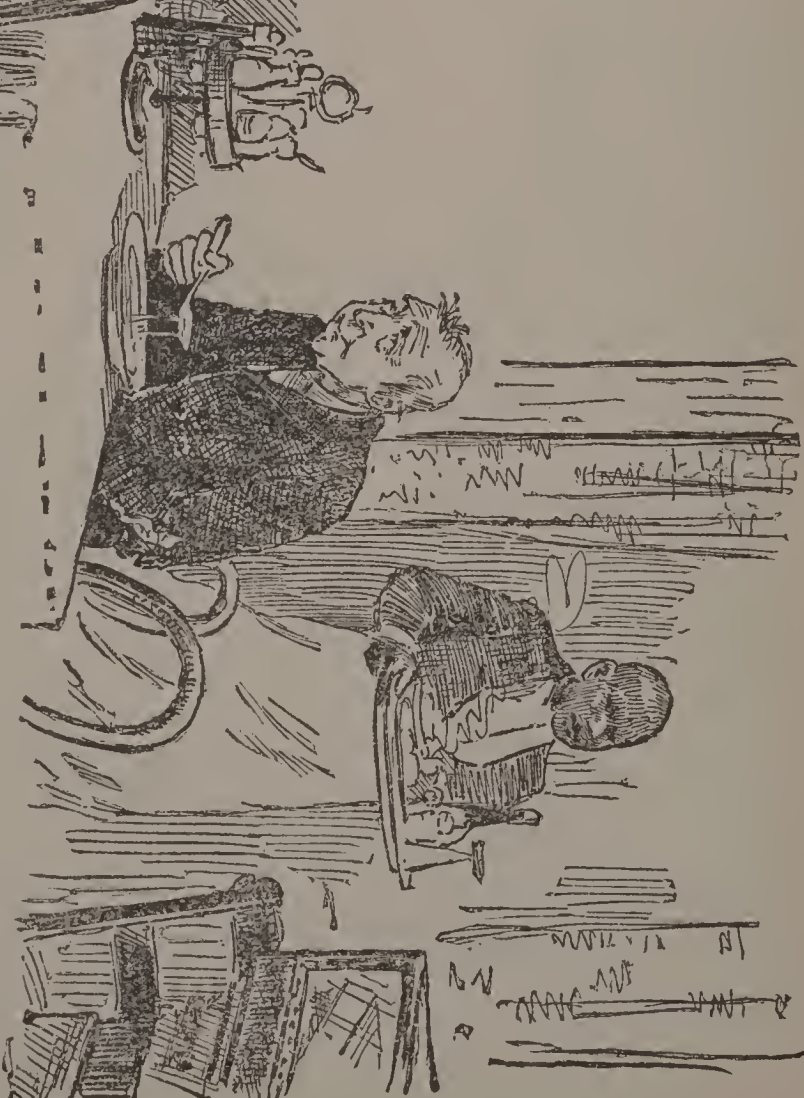
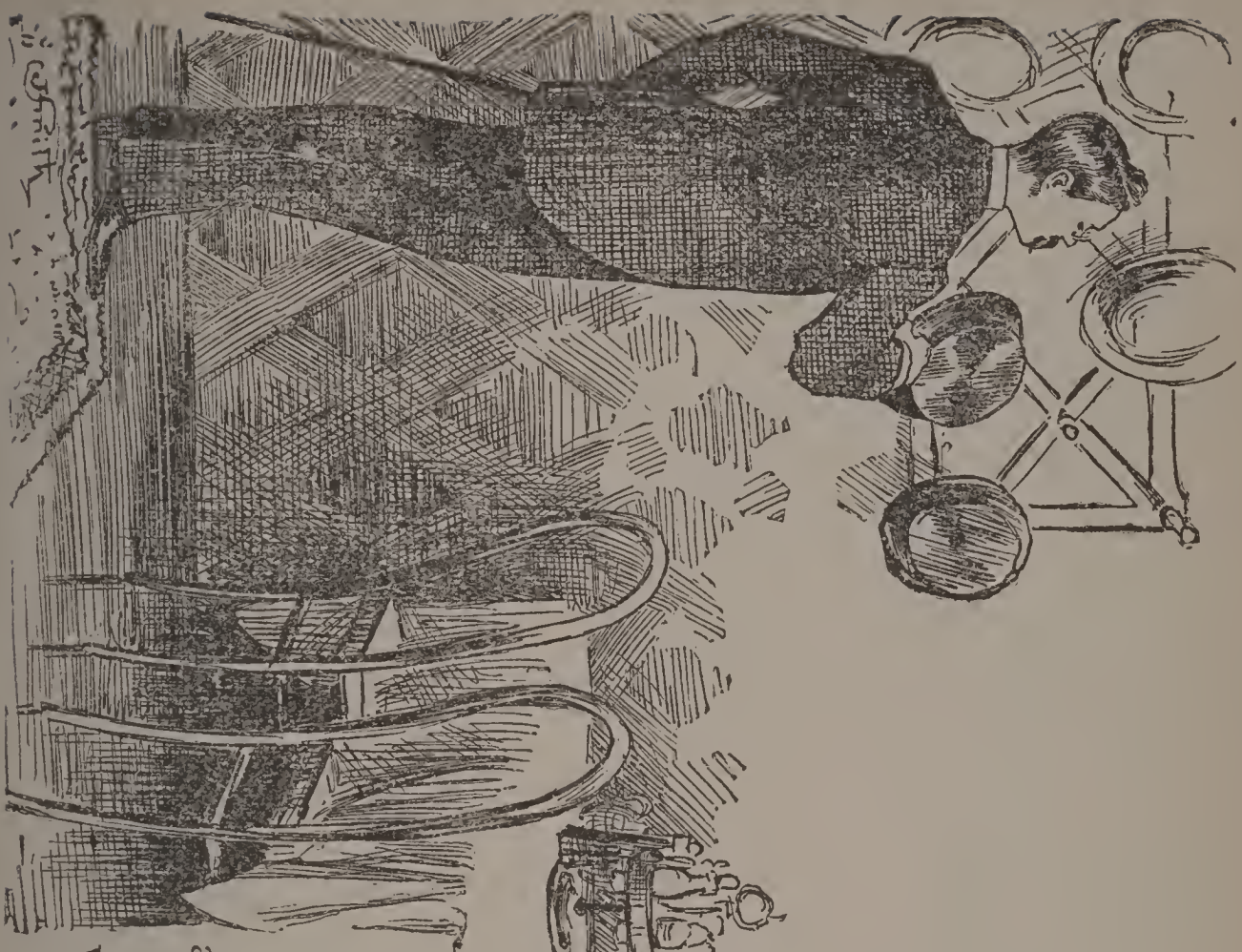
"In what state is your soul this morning?"

"Why, in the State of Kentucky, in the county of Kent," replied Luke.

"My brother, you don't understand me yet. How do you feel?"

"Feel, did you say? By the powers, I feel with my fingers!" and then all hands and grandmother said, "Amen."

W. B. T.



ANXIOUS TO GET THINGS MIXED.

Sharpe.—What's the matter? Were you afraid I would take your hat and leave my own?
Shabby Stranger.—No; I was afraid you wouldn't.



Bracelets.

WATCHES.

Watches as time-keepers are rated a fust klass success. Watches very wonderful in make and shape, and in regard to keeping time, nary two are just alike. Sum run fast and sum run slow, but if a pheller is hungry any ov 'em will tell him when to go to dinner. I never know'd a pheller that had a watch but what she wuz a good watch.

Watches differ in size as well as material. Sum are made ov gold, sum ov brass, sum ov pinchbeck, and sum ov wood. My gran'paw, old Peet Maginnis, had one wonst; it was made of wood. She wuz twelve fut high by eight fut in circumference, and weighed nine hundred and fifty-six pounds. The old man didn't carry her. She wuz sometimes called a clock.

I had a mity fine Jurman silver watch wonst. She wuz kalled a cylinder 'scapement. She wuz as hansum as a dazy, and 'scaped all O. K.; but when I couldn't see the sun I never could tell what time ov day it wuz.

Then I had anuther; it wuz made out ov brass. She wuz a delicate flower, and had a glass fur a back, and glass fur a face, and wuz as full ov wheels as Judus Iscarriat wuz ov

deceit. As a timekeeper it wusn't worth a kuss, but she afforded more amusement fur the yung uns than anything ever invented.

I had anuther that beat all the watches for utility that I ever saw. It wuz made out ov oreide, casteel bound and copper-lined, and weighed three pounds and four ounces. You could knock the horns off'n a cow or break the ribs ov a dog every throw at a range ov thurty yards. She cost me seven dollars when she wuz new. She could out-run a quarter-hoss, and, besides being a kerect timer, she regulated the moon, sun, and stars, and very frequently told the price of cheese in Canada.

BILL MAGINNIS,

HE WANTED THEM COOKED.

"The other day as Pat was standing in his door he was approached by a huckster of vegetables, who asked him if he wanted to buy a bushel of fine potatoes.

"Well," said Pat, "are they cooked?"

"No; who do you think would sell cooked potatoes?" the huckster asked.

"Well," said Pat, "who do you think would eat raw potatoes?"



Amateur Photographer's Dream.

A Chicago man visiting Cincinnati was being shown around by a citizen, who said: "Now, let's go and see the Widows' Home." The Chicago man put his finger by the side of his nose and winked, and then said: "Not much, Mary Ann. I saw a widow home once, and it cost me \$16,000. She sued me for breach of promise, and proved it on me. No, sir; send the widows home in a hack."

SHE TOOK NO RISKS.

"Have ye any gud piannies?" she asked, as she stepped into a piano room. "I want wan fur me darter, who is comin' home from the semetary wid a finished edication."

"What style of instrument do you prefer?" said the clerk.

"Och! never a happorth do I care about the shtoile, so long as it's a strong case. Have ye any wid iron cases?"

"No, ma'am; but all our cases are made extra strong."

"How much will you take for that piannie?"

"Four hundred dollars, ma'am."

"Do you sell on the slow-pay plan?"

"Yes, occasionally we sell to reliable purchasers on the installment plan."

"Will ye throw in a cover and sthule?"

"Hardly fair to ask it, ma'am; but we'll throw in those articles this time."

"An' a buk o' music?"

"Yes; we won't be mean about it."

"Now, if ye'll insure the piannie, I'll take it."

"Well, really ma'am, the purchaser usually insures the instrument; but to close the bargain, we'll insure this piano and take all risks."

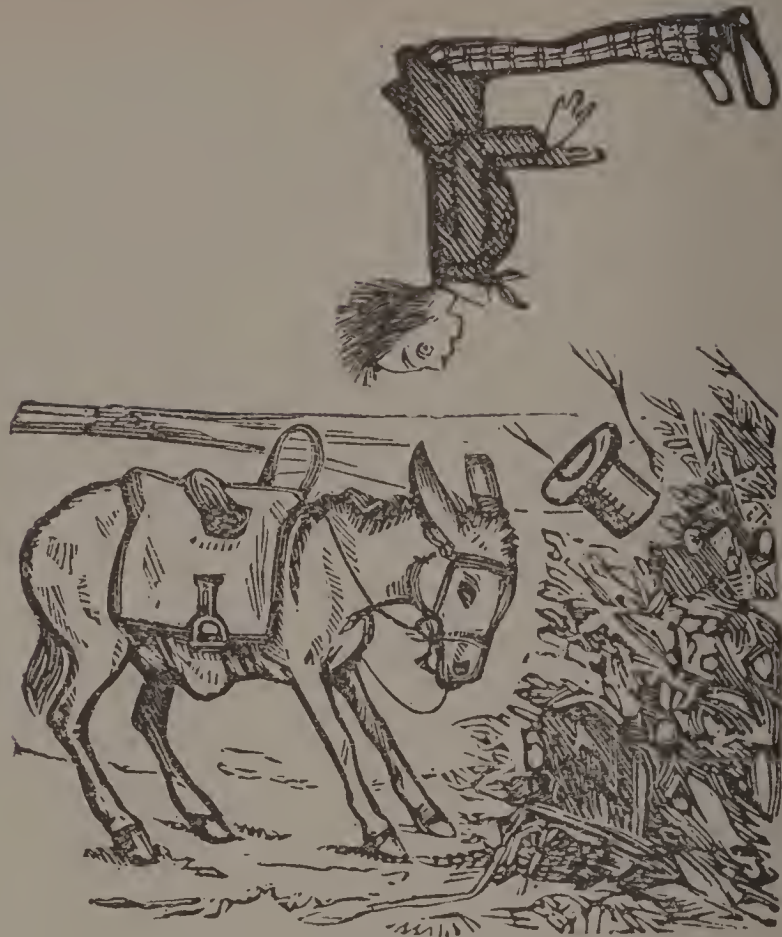
"Ye see, betwane me an' you," she said, after she had made her mark on the necessary papers and deposited the first installment receipt in her bosom, "I'm glad to feel aisy about the insurance, as I want to get the better of me ole man, who tuk an oath that if I brought a piannie into the house, he'd smash it up wid an ax. An' faith he's the bit to do it the nixt toime he gets d'runk."



TOUCHING DEVOTION.

Estelle—And are you going to leave me so soon, Augustus?

Augustus—My love, I would willingly give ten years of my life if I could stay longer. But if I don't go, I shall be fined for being late at a card party. —



A mule is an obstinate creature.

'Twas down beside the green canal,
 One red-hot summer's day,
 I sat upon a cork-wood stick
 And whiffed two cents away ;
 And as the stifling smoke arose
 Like snow-clouds in the air,
 I put on all the style I could
 And smoked my first cigar.
 I watched the ashes as they fell,
 Like snow-flakes on the ground ;
 And then I looked around to find
 Some place to lay me down.
 I hung me up upon a stick,
 My heels flew in the air ;
 I was not drunk, but, oh, so sick !
 It was my first cigar.

An *ah-shun-it* — a temperance man.

Let the Monday washing and a yearling calf spend the night in the same back-yard, and that part of the washing left outside of the calf will be in good shape to feed the goat on.

HIS PEAR TRICK.

"How many pears have I got on my plate, pa?" asked one of our smart boys the other evening at supper.

"Two, my son," answered the fond parent, surveying the mellow fruit.

"No, sir; I've got four, and I can prove it," triumphantly remarked the juvenile.

"How do you make that out?" queried the perplexed father.

"Well, sir, haven't I got two pears? and doesn't two pairs make four?" grinned the urchin.

"All right, my son. You've got too many," said the old man, getting up, and reaching over. "Here mother, you take one, and I'll take one, and John may have the two that are left on his plate;" and John thought his little joke did not appear so funny after all.



A sharp pull.

What is the difference between the preacher, the builder, and the architect of a church? One is the rector, the other the erecter, and the other the director.

A BLIND FLIRTATION.

Several men were making purchases at a store, when a man who had been looking out of the window for some time turned and said:

"Well, that's a bad case!"

"What is it?" inquired two or three at once.

"Well, I don't know who is the husband of this woman out here in the wagon; but if I were he, I'd go across the street and smash that fellow's head."

"Why?"

"Why? Because he has been working like a beaver for the last half-hour to get up a flirtation with her."

At this one of the men began to chuckle. Then the chuckle ran into a laugh, and finally he had to sit down.

"What's the matter with you?" was asked.

"Why, I'm that woman's husband."

"Are you? And you are laughing over the flirtation!"

"I — I can't help it," he said, as he went off into another fit. "Just think of him a-flirting and a-strutting up and down and a-doing the purty, when the old woman out there has been stone-blind for seven years. Ha, ha, ha!"

A YOUNG BRIDE.

A widow gave her age to the American census-man as twenty-five. In the course of conversation she afterward informed him that her husband had died during the war.

"Poor thing!" he remarked; "how young to be left a widow."

"Yes, indeed!" she sighed.

"Only eight!" he continued, sweetly.

The widow suddenly wheeled around and grabbed the broomstick, and that census-man streaked it down the street quicker than lightning.



In the dumps.

An agricultural exchange offers some advice on "How to Tell a Bad Egg." Didn't read the article, but our advice would be: If you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why break it gently.

A good motto for a young man just starting a mustache—down in front.



Childhood's Happy Days.

Flattery is like Cologne water—to be smelled of, not swallowed

“I’ve often heard men say,” said an old lady, “that they’d been struck with an idea, but I never could see where it hit ’em.”

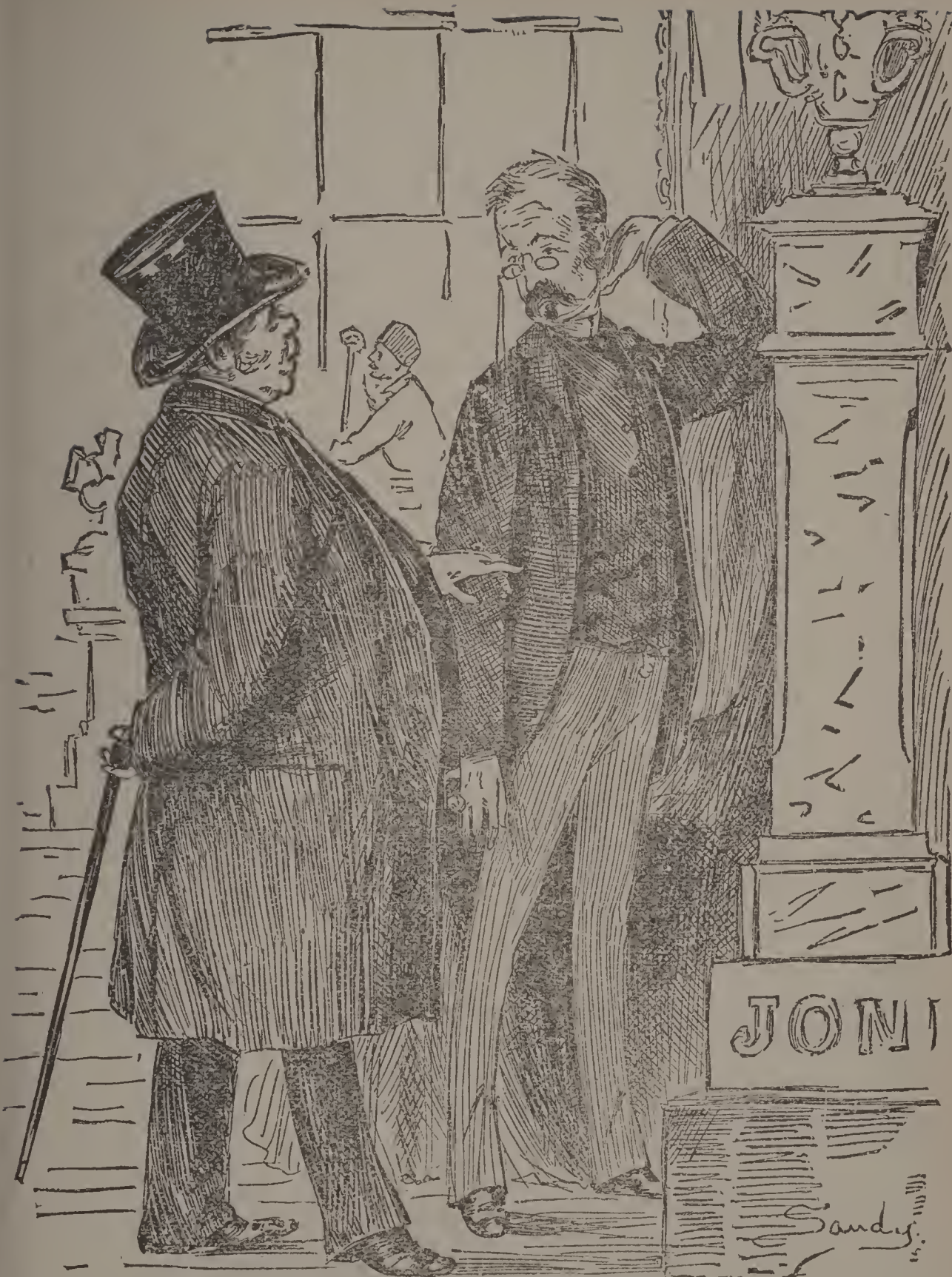
A sailor is not a sailor when he is a-board ; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a-shore ; but he must be either ashore or aboard ; therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

It’s all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who put his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet.

A young man has sent us a very touching poem entitled: “Will you learn to love me when I’m gone?” We can’t promise that, but we’ll bet you a gold mine that you’ll learn to hate us if you ever come around here with another poem like that.



Where is that bell-pull?



REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE

*Mr. Parvenu (to dealer in tombstones).—*Yes, sir, I want the very finest kind of a stone you've got. I don't mean to put no slouch of a stone over Mrs. Parvenu. Now, that there one seems to have all the trimmings. I'll jest take that.

*Dealer.—*But that was made for another party, and it has the name "Jones" on it.

*Mr. P.—*Oh, that don't make no difference. Mrs. Parvenu couldn't read. *Page 115*
The Hustler, 8.

It is asserted that the housefly transmits disease by carrying germs from place to place. A careful housewife will do well when she sees a fly with a germ in his hand, to drive him over the garden wall into the house of her neighbor.

It was a little sister this time. Usually it's a little brother that gives them away when the beaux come. The child seemed possessed of a few extra imps whenever Oscar called. So big sister bought little sister off with a penny, the agreement being that L. S. should keep out of the way and not try to listen when B. S. and O. were talking. He came, and matters were fast approaching a crisis, when they were interrupted by L. S.'s pushing the penny through the keyhole, saying: "Here's yur cent. I couldn't help hearin' him kiss you—*it popped so.*"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"And we'll be married in the fall, my sweet?"

"Yes, Oscar, in the rich, hazy, sensuous days of Indian summer, when the low note of the farmer's boy, seeking the lost cow, is heard, as he sits on the vine-embowered stile and blasphemes until the firefly leaves for a cooler spot. You must take all my money, Oscar; it must be yours to do as you will with it. Surely, you have an ambition?"

"I have," said Oscar, kissing her while she held her breath.

"And will you let any false pride stand in the way of using my money to attain the height you fain would reach?"

"No, darling, I will not. You say you have \$100,000 in four per cents. It is enough. To-morrow I will act, and in less than a day my name will be as familiar throughout the world as that of England's proud queen."

"Oh, Oscar, what will you do?"

"I shall purchase Maud S."

* * * * *

Two minutes later a human form fell with a dull thud on the front porch of the haughty pork-packer's residence. It was Oscar Harris. The old man had fired him out.



Miss Mimosa.—I didn't see you at the performance of "The Blonde Brigand" last night.

De Jones.—I was there, but I only staid through the first act.

Miss Mimosa.—Why, didn't you like the play? The scenery was good.

De J.—I daresay it was. Your hat filled the stage while I was in the theatre. Page 117



Pleasures of summer vacations.

A Michigan woman has gone to England to bring back 300 servant-girls. Which will last her, according to the general run, just about eleven days.

Said the teacher: " 'And it came to pass, when King Hezekiah heard it, that he rent his clothes.' Now, what does that mean, children — 'he rent his clothes?' " And the boy with a big brother said it was "letting a fellow have the use of 'em for a few dollars, as brother Dave did with his ulster last spring, and wishes now he hadn't."

A railroad brakeman attempted suicide in New York a few days since. In an unguarded moment he called out the name of a station so distinctly that nearly two-thirds of the passengers understood it, and when the full enormity of the unprofessional act dawned upon him, remorse, like a worm in the bud, fastened its lacerating fingers upon his conscience, and tortured him until life became a burden. Other brakemen will no doubt heed well the lesson, and in future use the utmost caution in making their weird announcements.

Why do they file marriage intentions? Sometimes to make them fit a salary of \$6 a week.

"Tommy," said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop," retorted the boy.

Bright little girl: "The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond earrings, 'cause papa's hidden them." Visitor: "Where has he hidden them?" Little girl: "Why I heard him say he had put them up the spout, and he expected they would stay there!"



NO APOLOGIES.

Irishman.—Begorrah, yez needn't shtand there bowin' and scrapin'. Yez done it a purpose an' yez know ye did.

" Oh, for a thousand tongues ! " as the boy said when he fell into the molasses barrel.

THE MAN WITH THE UMBRELLA.

Why it is that the public do not look kindly upon a man carrying an umbrella on a hot day is a mystery to be solved, but the fact is they do not. One day last summer, when an eminent and dignified citizen was coming back from his dinner, with an umbrella over his head, he was accosted with :

" Been raining down your way? "

" No, sir. "

" Going to? "

" No, sir. "

" Then you carry the umbrella to keep the flies off? "

" Yes, sir. "

" Well, that's a good plan, and all soft men ought to practice it. "

The next man had a grin on his face as he called out :

" What's that for? "

" To keep the sun off. "

" What do you want to keep the sun off for? "

" Might get sun-struck. "

" Suppose you did? "

" Suppose you mind your own business, sir! "

The next one presumed upon his long friendship to halt the man with the umbrella and whisper :

" Pretty sharp in you, old fellow—keep the bulge toward your creditors and they can't see you ! "

Other men told him that wearing a poultice on the head would dispense with that umbrella ; and others said that if he was afraid of his ears being tanned he should fasten a fan on each side of his hat. Not one single man took him by the hand and encouraged him, and when he reached the postoffice he was so discouraged that he lowered his shade and used it to punch the ribs of a boy who had begun to sing :

" He's a flat—he's a feller,
And he lugs an old umbrella. "

The Glib Railroad Brakeman.

On leaving Gotham, down the aisle
I saw him come with scornful smile;
Flowed from his lips these words compressed:
“ Thiscar’sforallpointsNorthandWest!”

He, later, once more loomed in view—
’Twas understood by one or two—
This jumping jumble, this fanfare:
“ Troytwentyminutesbreakfasthere!”

In time, again he through the door
Burst in, and dashed by—as before—
With one of his chain-lightning calls
Of : “ Buff’lochange for N’ag’ra Falls!”

Next when we’d crossed Ohio’s plain—
And Indiana’s—and the train
Jarred, swayed and stopped, he deigned to state
“ Ourengine’stelescopeda freight!”

And when at last my trip was done—
Reached was the land of setting sun,
With Babel sound he gave this shout:
“ Chicagopassengersallout!”

He Knew When to Leave.

“ Now, Jamie, you mustn’t stay at the Jewett’s until you wear you welcome out,” said a fond mother.

“ I know when to come home,” replied the youth. “ You don’t catch me staying after they begin to talk slow.”



He Feared the Result.

"Is this oleomargine?" asked a city guest at a country hotel table.

"No, sir: we don't keep nothin' of that sort here."

"You don't mean to say this is pure butter?"

"Yes, sir; every bit of it."

"I say," said the guest, alarmed, "do you know what's good antidote for butter-poisoning?"

A Promise.

Mother — Now, Charles, I wish you could overcome your boisterosity. Promise me that, when your uncle and aunt come to-day, you will try and subdue yourself.

Son — You're just shouting, I will.



Homelike.

Mrs. Gripper—Good-by. Shall we see you at Sorosis to-night?

Mrs. Whipper—I hardly think so. Mr. Whipper's club has just failed, and until he joins another, we are going to improve the opportunity to get acquainted with each other.

The Limit.

She—Well, my dear, we ought to get the children something nice for Christmas this year.

He—Yes, I suppose that's so, and yet money isn't very plentiful.

She—Well, I must know how much I am to have for this purpose. What is the limit?

He—(absently)—Four dollars is as high as I generally play.



The Newport Standard of To-day.

Mrs. Cut-Loose—Don't look around, mamma. It's that ordinary Mr. Freezer. He hasn't been divorced for two seasons, you know, and still expects to remain in our set.

Waldemar, the Waiter; or, The Fatal Chestnut.

A HIGH-PRESSURE ROMANCE OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

"Will the memory of the hated past never leave me?"

This conundrum was propounded by Gideon De Browne, the eminent banker, expressly for this work, and has been copyrighted according to law.

"Is there no surcease from sorrow?" resumed Mr. De Browne, inquiringly. He did not know what surcease meant, but he felt as if one would do him good.

His soliloquy was interrupted by the sound of a footstep in the hallway. In another moment the door was flung open, and a tall young man, wearing a shabby overcoat and a dilapidated hat, entered the banker's library.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. De Browne.

The new-comer flung off his coat and hat, and stood before the old man attired in a dress-suit of faultless cut.

"Do you know me now?" he asked.

"I do," was the reply. You are a waiter at the St. Christopher Hotel, and your name is Waldemar."

"Right the first time," returned the youth, pleasantly. "And now learn the object of my visit. I am here to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage."

"My daughter the wife of a waiter!" gasped the banker; "she who numbers among her suitors an iceman, two plumbers, and a real baronet! Never!"

"Your decision is irrevocable?" inquired Waldemar, carelessly.

"With a big I," replied Mr. De Browne.

Without another word the young man left the room.

"Scarcely had Waldemar taken his departure when another entered the library—a stout, elderly man with a heavy mustache and a cynical smile.

"'Tis years since last we met," he remarked, "and perhaps you have forgotten me. Let me recall our last meeting to your memory. 'Twas on the 4th of January, 1870, that ——"

"I know you now," wailed the banker. "You are Van-dyke Maginnis. What do you want with me, man? Are you here to torture me with references to the past?"

"No," replied the visitor, "I am here to worry five hundred dollars out of you. Hand over, old man."

"And if I refuse?"

Maginnis drew a folded paper from his pocket.

"Here," he said, "is the manuscript in your own handwriting, which you that day confided to my care. Give me the money, or to-morrow all the world shall know that Gideon De Browne is a ——"

"Enough, enough!" moaned the banker. "You shall have what you ask."

He hurriedly wrote a check for the amount required. Maginnis pocketed it, and with a sardonic laugh vanished.

"Who will save me from this wretch?" cried the banker, despairingly. "This will not be the last of his extortions."

"I will!" exclaimed a voice, and Waldemar stood before him. "I inadvertently overheard all," he continued, "and I will recover that paper for you on one condition — that you give me your daughter. No daughter, no paper."

"But how can you do this?" demanded the old man.

"I will find a way," said Waldemar. "Maginnis boards at the St. Christopher, and I wait upon him."

"Enough!" said Mr. De Browne. "I agree to your terms."

A month has passed.

It is a clear, beautiful December morning. The breakfast-room at the St. Christopher is filled with guests. There is but one vacant table. Beside it stands Waldemar, his face irradiated with an almost unearthly light.

"Courage, courage!" he murmurs. "The end is at hand."

Vandyke Maginnis staggers feebly into the room, and sinks into the vacant chair. His face has grown pale and haggard, his eyes are deeply sunken in their sockets.

"Broiled chicken, Lyonnaise potatoes, Graham rolls and a cup of coffee," he says, with an appealing look, as he hands Waldemar a dollar.

The waiter departs. In about an hour he returns, saying:

"Graham rolls and coffee and potatoes are all out, but here's your chicken." And he stands, and, with a haughty smile, watches the unhappy man's struggles with the alleged fowl.

Suddenly Maginnis ceases his efforts from very weakness.

"Waldemar," he exclaims, "do you not know that I am starving? For a month you have not given me enough to keep a fly alive. Tips avail me nothing. Have you no pity? Will you see me die?"

"Had you any pity on Gideon De Browne?" said the waiter, sternly. "Give me the paper that lies concealed in your pocket."

"And you will feed me well hereafter?"

"You shall have all the luxuries of the season, and more."

Without another word Maginnis handed his companion the paper. Waldemar unrolled it, and a cry of horror burst from his pallid lips.

* * * * *

Waldemar has long been the son-in-law of Gideon De Browne. The old banker still lives. He is a light-hearted man now, for the fatal paper has been destroyed — the MS. penned in an hour of weakness, his first and only poem on spring.



New Police Regulations.

Citizen — W—what have you got there, Mr. Officer?

Policeman — Yer see we've been ordered not to maim any more civilians. Got to kill 'em outright now to keep der peace.



HOIST WITH THEIR OWN PETARD.

I. Don't leggo his head 'till I say ready, Snakey.

Pointers.

Some men never pay anything but their respects.

Epitaph on a Bad Cook: "Out of the frying-pan into the fire."

A man who was cured by porous plasters says he can easily see through his cure.

A newspaper headline reads: "His Crowning Crime." The hero dyed his hair, likely.



HOIST WITH THEIR OWN PETARD.

II. NOW!!!

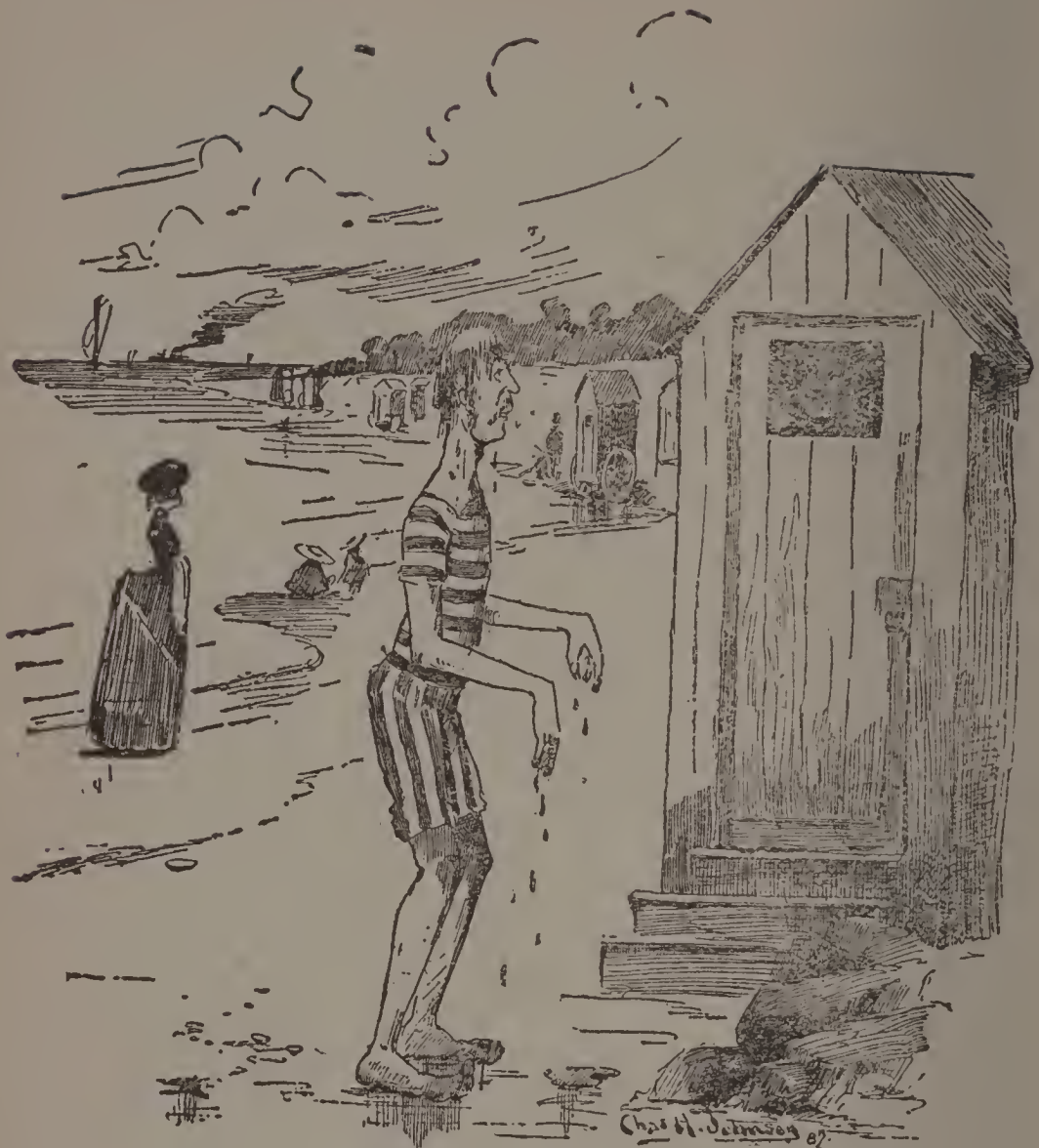
A Wonderful Mind.

Boston Young Woman (just returning from the cooking school) — Emily, dear, see that man mixing mortar.

New York Young Woman — Yes, horrid stuff, isn't.

Boston Young Woman — I wonder, dear, if he has to taste of it to see when it is ready to serve.

Mark Twain doesn't like to be told he is getting old. That's where he is different from the rest of us.



Tough—Very,

Quimbles, on one of these first summer days, which seem so warm until one gets into the still bitter cold water, has taken a bath with his cousin and her mother.

Voice from his bathing house—Sit down on the rocks a little while, Cousin Jack. The door's broken on our stall and mamma and I are in here. It won't take us more than half an hour to dress.

A St. Louis man estimates that a Pullman sleeper nets the company \$7,250 a year. Judging from this it must net the porter a cool \$10,000.



Cheated Out of His Game.

Codgley (is very fond of tennis, but has an instinctive dread of dogs) — I'm awfully sorry to spoil the set, *Miss Duyckinck*, but I am suddenly indisposed.

Miss Duyckinck — Come in and sit down awhile. There's a comfortable seat by the iron dog.

A Valid Reason.

First Clergyman — Do you mean to say that you are going to abjure your belief in the doctrine of future punishment?

Second Clergyman — Well — er — you see my wife is buying a sewing machine on the installment plan, and — don't you think I get enough here?



Delicately Put.

Patron (to artist who breathes heavily) — Excuse me — have you been eating garlic?

Artist — No.

Patron — Well, before you go any farther, won't you run out and get a little. I'll pay for it.

Pointers.

"John Bright has written another free trade pamphlet, Jones."

"Yes, Smith; free trade is Bright's disease."

Jay Gould has spent \$2,000 for a pew in a church. He will now proceed to take good care of the soul of the Western Union corporation.



He Didn't Catch the Word.

Mutual Friend (to traveling Yankee)—I want to introduce you to Count Allegro Pianti Conossetti, of the old regime.

Traveling Yankee—Glad to meet you, Count. I haven't got any razors to hone at present, but if you'll give me your card I'll remember you.

Symbolic.

He treasured dear the single leaf
 She was so kind to send,
 And vowed he would not part with it
 Until his days should end.

But when he looked at it his heart
 For horror almost stopped —
 That leaf was but a symbol mute,
 Significant of "dropped."

"Jones, is Snooper much of a conversationalist?"

"Much of a conversationalist, Smith! I should say he is. Why, he is a life insurance agent."



Making Ready.

Customer (who has inquired for beer-glasses, picking up a piece of crockery) — What's this size worth ?

Dealer — Those are egg-cups, not beer-glasses, sir.

Customer — That's all right. I'm going to open a saloon at Coney Island.

After the Punishment.

Mrs. Biddle — Poor child ! I'm sorry he had to be whipped. He is so sensitive that the lightest punishment affects him deeply.

Mr. Biddle — I meant it should.

Mrs. Biddle — But the poor boy's feelings are hurt.

Willie (desperately, between his sobs) — 'Tain't my feelings at all.



He Wasn't Drafted.

Regimental Surgeon—You've got a bad cold and a fever, sir. Have you been in a draught?

Patient—No. I was darned fool enough to enlist on my own free will.

He Got a Cold Reception.

Higgins—For goodness' sake, Wiggins, where did you get that cough?

Wiggins—Went to see my uncle too early in April.

Not Up to the Standard.

Customer—My wife says your goods aren't quite up to the standard, and haven't been for two months.

Tea Store Proprietor—I don't see how that can be; I buy all my tea at the same place.

Customer—Who said anything about tea; I'm talking about chromos now.



Forehanded.

Mrs. Kortious—You are surely not going to take your umbrella this bright morning, Henry?

Mr. Kortious—I hardly like the bother, but I've got to go through Chicago and don't want to get wet with the tears that the citizens are shedding over the Sunday closing movement.

Wanted to Skip the First Month.

A gentleman was looking at some pleasant rooms, but the noise from the street was deafening.

"It would be impossible to sleep here," said he to the landlady."

"Oh!" answered the landlady, indifferently, "our lodgers never notice it after a month."

"Well! then I'll come back — after a month."



Crushed.

Editor (having glanced at the contributor's joke)—Where's the other?

Contributor—Other? There isn't any other.

Editor—Um! I thought Noah took two of every kind into the ark.

It was Accepted.

The editor of a literary magazine lately received the following touching note, together with a poem of one hundred and forty-eight line stanzas on "Intemperance":

"DEAR SIR—The merit of this poem is in the fact that it was written entirely with my toes, as I was born without hands. A statement of this fact would no doubt make the piece more valuable to your readers. I can furnish references to the facts as stated above.

THE AUTHOR."



FAMILIAR PHRASE.—Stamping done while you wait.

Temporary Relief.

Bagley—I understand you and Miss Robinson have come to an understanding in that breach of promise case.

Bailey—Yes.

Bagley—What did you pay her?

Bailey—Pay her! Do you think I'm going to throw away five thousand dollars? No, sir; sooner than do that I offered her my hand again. That'll stave off matters for five years more.

Betrayed Himself.

Bertie—Pa, is that new Mr. Hanks an ice-dealer?

Pa—Yes, Bertie; how did you know?

Bertie—I didn't know, only I thought he was, for when the minister prayed for hot weather yesterday he said "Amen" awfully loud.



De Kay, who wears an artificial arm in place of one left at Gettysburg, falls asleep on a Third Avenue car.

Conductor — Oi've seen phlain dhrunks, an' foncey dhrunks, an' did dhrunks, but dombed av Oi iver seen a anisthithic dhrunk befor!

In the Wild West.

On an Eastern railroad:

First Passenger—Ah, yes, life in the West is, after all, the only life. There you are free and unfettered, and can do as you like.

Second Passenger—I've traveled in the West myself, and I don't like it—the people are too barbarous.

First Passenger—Excuse me, stranger, but how far West have you been?

Second Passenger—Syracuse.



The Uses of Adversity.

Little Claude has been told that Uncle Ezra is afflicted with a glass eye, and forgets that he has been told to say nothing about it.

"Will you let me take your eye a little while, Uncle Ez? My other marble rolled down the register."

Where They Went.

Finks — You believe St. Patrick drove the snakes from Ireland?

Mike — Yis, sor.

Finks — Now, just look at it a moment. Where could he have driven them to?

Mike — Bedad, it's meself that bees thinkin' he drove thim into the whuskey.



Awful Danger.

Mrs. Blampton — Stop the steamer, stop it !

Policeman — Madam, you will throw yourself off the dock !
What's the matter ?

Mrs. Blampton — Matter ? Matter enough. Mrs. Roman is sailing to Paris; she has forgotten her Pompadour Cream Balm; she may meet Mrs. James Brown Potter, and it means social ostracism !

He Couldn't Make Out.

Mamma — Now, Bertie, I want you to tell me the truth, and not go around Robin Hood's barn.

Bertie — I ain't been around Mr. Hood's barn. It was Mr. James'. How did you know ?



Retiring for the Night at the Hotel De Barn.

"Say, Lionel, come out of the tapestry hangin's long enough to tuck a little more o' this ruffin' in the back of my pajama, will yer?"

Revival in Pompoonik.

After a sermon on "Moses in the Wilderness" at a revival meeting in Pompoonik, the pastor leaned over the pulpit and said: "De meetin' am now open fer prayer an' remarks. Who's de fus' man?"

Deacon Peter Henry De Freest arose, cleared his throat, and pulled out the wrinkles in his vest. "Set down, Brudder De Freest," said the voice in the pulpit, "set down. You'm back mos' foli' dollars on yo' pew-rent. Set down, an' let some udder brudder give his expe'runce."

Christopher Jackson then arose. "Brudder Jackson," continued the voice, "I heerd las' Saturday night down to de grocery dat yo' ben a-beatin' yo' wife wif a hoe. De Lawd am deaf to de implications of de wife-beater. Yo' better set down too. Naixt."

Then Dewitt Schermerhorn got up rather shyly, rolled his eyes, removed a quid of tobacco from his mouth, and said in a sepulchral whisper, "Let us pray." Another groan from the pulpit. "Brudder Schermerhorn, de tongue ob scandal 'lows dat yo' had a bottle in yo' pocket at de las' Conference. You cawn't feel comfortable in dat posish wif dem cold fac's starin' you in de face. Who's de naixt man?"

After a moment's silence Harry Shoemaker got up in one of the rear seats. "Brudder Shoemaker," said the pastor, with an ominous shake of the head, "hit won't do. De neighbors say dat las't Saturday night yo' was skulkin' lorng de banks of de creek wif a fish-pole."

"I gib de fish to a poor woman," interrupted Brother Shoemaker, in an injured tone.

"Nebber min'. Yo' bruk de fif' commandment. Yo' better go set lorng side ob de res'. We'll now sing a hymn an' take up anudder collection. De speerit ain't a-movin' much in dese parts. An', from de way things look heah to-night, I guess I'll hab ter do all de prayin' myself."

"Take care," yelled a Harlem man, as his wife was chasing him around the room. And she did; she took two or three handfuls of hair when she caught up with him.



Unexpected.

Passenger—Do you chew tobacco, driver?

Driver—I do, an' I chew me own!

Passenger—That's all right. I was just going to offer you some of mine.

Too Short.

Society Girl—Johnnie, where's your fish pole?

Small Brother—Up in the attic. What do you want of it?

Society Girl—I dropped my opera-glasses into my hat when I got home from the matinee, and they're caught there.

Small Brother—How far up?

Society Girl—Near the top.

Small Brother—No use gettin' the pole, then. 'Taint long enough to reach 'em.

Couldn't Have Been His Wife.

"Has my wife been here?" asked a nervous man of a clerk in a Harlem dry-goods store.

"Tall woman?"

"Yes."

"Red hair?"

"Yes."

"Cross-eyed?"

"Yes."

"Bonnet on sideways?"

"Yes."

"Bought ten yards of silk dress-goods and paid cash for it?"

"Did that woman do this?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't think it could be Maria," and out he went.

A Libel.

Stranger—Are you the editor of the *Bugle*?

Editor—Yes, sir.

Stranger—Well, my name is Dingley, and if you don't retract what you said about my domestic affairs I'll sue you for libel.

Editor—But, my dear sir, the *Bugle* only contradicted the reports started by that venomous sheet across the way. You have evidently made a mistake. We said that you were living in peace and harmony with your wife. There's no libel about that, is there?"

Stranger—Yes, sir; there is. It implies that I haven't a spark of courage or manhood about me. And when I bring my wife into court, the jury will see it in just that light too.

Her Faith in Him.

De Garmo—What does your sister say about me, Bertie?

Bertie—She said to-day that she didn't think you'd ever set the river on fire.

De Garmo—What confidence she has in me! Of course she knows I'm too honorable to do anything of that kind.



A Want of Application.

That porous plaster that yez sold me for me ould man was nigh killin' him. He couldn't get the teeth av him t'roo it at all till I fried it, an' thin it wa'n't much tinderer, an' he's far from well in shpite av it.

A Summer Boarder in Danger.

We have received the following communication, which explains itself:

MISTER ED—I take my pen in hand to rite a few lines in ancer to a letter writ by a man who borded to my house this summer, end who went off and writ a pack of lies about me and my old woman, and the fokes round here generally. He thinks he's mighty dog-goned smart, but I reckon this will kind of take the shine off'n him when he reads it, and will let him know that other fokes kin do a little ritin' well as he kin.

He said the soshel advantages of Skunk Holler, where I live, was "somewhat limited," which is a derved lie. The serciety here is chice, and he knows it. The folks here tuk him rite in and made him their ekal, never thinkin' he'd go off and lie on 'em. He was invited to two butcherin's and a barn raisin', and an apple parin' and a wool pickin', and then he goes off and says there ain't no serciety here. He don't say nothin' 'bout us havin' a melojeeum at our house, an' us all singin' to him of nights. He don't let on that I kin play the fiddle an' my dorter, Mary Jane, the akordeon with the set of 'em.

No, but he up and makes out as if we was pore, ignrant things without no raisin'.

He even gives our table a fling by sayin' that "the bill of fare at the rural boarding houses is abundant, but not varied." He knows that ain't so. He knows we had pork and fried taters reg'lar on Mondays, an' sody biskits on Tuesdays, an' then changed off to pork agin Wednesday. Here he comes and stuffs hissself on our cabbidge, an' milk that ain't skimmed but once, an' corn dodgers, an' fried liver, an' Arbuckle's coffee, and then goes off and makes out like as if he didn't git enuff to eat.

He had the best of everything here. We didn't put our hired man to sleep with him but once, and he had the free run of the place, with the privilege of eatin' all the raw turnips and wind-fallen apples he could hold. And how did he act in return? He up and gets huffy one day 'cause my old woman smoked his old meershom pipe when her corncob was missin',

and he threatened to leave 'cause my son Bill wore one of his coats and his boots to a ball. That was his gratitood.

Then he tries to make out as if the scenery didn't mount to much. The ejeet! There's more seenery to the square inch here nor he ever clapt his eyes on before, and I know it. He don't know what seenery is when he sees it.

Now if there's anything more interestin' an' teachin' than rooral animals I ain't never seen 'em. Take little imphant pigs for instants. How cunnin' they air as they gamble on the green, or disport theirselves in the maternall waller. And that man's winder was right over our hog waller, and we had little imphant pigs on hand all the time.

But he hadn't no soul nor eye for rooral critters. Ma had an odt hen settin' on geese eggs under his bed, and when he found it out, he histed the gentle hen out, when she'd come off in two days more with goslings that 'd been so tame that like enuff they'd gone to roost under his bed all summer, and he could have made pets of him. But no; he had her nest broke up, and driv her off. Wouldn't even let our ole dog Bowse sleep on the foot of his bed.

I ain't time to write out half I might tell on that man. But if ever he comes round here agin for summer bord I'll bord him with a club. I'll learn him whether we ain't no edgucation nor refinement or not. I'll give him seenery of a kind he ain't on the hunt of. I'll show him the rooral way of sassin' back. He better lay lo.

AZRAEL JINKS.

Nothing Unusual.

Mrs. Patrician (to new girl)—I suppose, Bridget, you overheard my husband and I conversing rather earnestly this morning?

Bridget—Indade, I did that, mum.

Mrs. P.—I hope you did not consider that anything unusual was going on?

Bridget—Niver a bit, mum. I wanst had a husband meself, mum, an' niver a day passed that the neighbors didn't belave one or the other uv us would be kilt entoirly.



Disastrous Consequences of the Interstate Commerce Bill.

A high-spirited legislator who preferred walking home to the indignity of being obliged to pay his fare, was accosted by a tramp, who said:

"Behold the Jeffersonian equality to which the Interstate Commerce Bill has brought us. Let us walk home together, my brother. Have you any tobacco about you?"

This was too Jeffersonian for the legislator, who took the train at the next station.

Not in Favor of That Plan.

Prison Warden — There's an insurrection among the men, sir.

Superintendent — Well, give 'em one of our square meals and see if it won't do some good.

Prison Warden — All right, sir, but I don't think much of trying to starve them into submission.

A Childhood Memory.

"Now you children must all be real nice and good while mamma is down town, and when she comes home she'll bring you something *real* nice. Now will you be *ever* and *ever* so good?"

"Yes, ma'am," came promptly and sweetly from five pairs of juvenile lips, whose five owners are wildly eager for mamma to disappear, so that the being real sweet and good process may begin, with circus-like preliminaries.

Three hours later dear mamma returns, and is met at the door by a horde of dirt-begrimed and altogether disreputable looking lot of youngsters.

The interior of the house has the appearance of having been cyclone struck. Mamma begins an investigation.

"I thought you children were going to be *so* good. And my good land of rest, just look at this house! If *this* is what you call being good I hope to mercy you'll *never* be bad. Who upset that sewing-machine?"

"Tommy," yells a chorus of four.

"Aw! I *never*," shrieks Tommy.

"You *did!* you did! you *did!*"

"Never, never, never! 'Taint so!"

"There, there!" cries mamma, with her fingers in her ears. "Who broke that chair back?"

"Willy."

"I never *touch'd* it," shrieks Willy.

"Who knocked the parlor table over?"

"Hattie."

"I never went a-nigh it," says Hattie, promptly.

"Oh, no," says dear mamma, derisively; "none of you did it, you didn't do anything, you never do. These chairs upset themselves, to be sure. The broom, and the tongs, and the coal hod, and the dish-pan, and the rolling-pin, and my Sunday bonnet, and the fire-shovel, and your pa's silk hat, and this stick of stove wood, and the family Bible, and the umbrella, and a hundred other things, collected themselves in this parlor and sitting-room, didn't they? You were only playing circus, eh? And only having a little picnic dinner, eh? What else

were you 'only' doing? I'm 'only' going to trounce the last one of you, that's all I'm going to do; but I'll do it well. And I'll do it now."

And so she does, and in a manner that subdues and saddens those youngsters even as we have been saddened and subdued in the halcyon days of our youth.



Back-Action Entertainment.

Young Clammy (with a tremendous idea of his conversational powers)—My mother will be down in a few moments, Miss Keene. Cawn't I entertain you until she comes?

Miss Keene—How good of you, Mr. Clammy. Will you be kind enough to watch my coachman out of the window and see that he keeps his cape buttoned up tightly? The poor fellow is so delicate, you know.

The Church Choir.

No, children, this is Not a Circus. It Looks like one, does it not? But it is a Church. Who are those four people Up in that little gal-ler-y? Why, they are the Choir. What are they Making such a Noise for? They are singing, of Course. You cannot un-der-stand a Word, can you? Neither can I. I wish that we had a li-bret-to, do not you? For all we Know they may be in-dul-ging in Fa-ce-tious comments upon our Per-son-al ap-pear-ance. Now the So-pra-no is getting in her Fine work. See the bald-headed man in the Front pew smiling at her. He im-ag-ines that he is at a Comic Opera per-form-ance. Now all four of the singers are at it, and the Or-gan-ist is sitting on the Safety-valve of the in-stru-ment and has thrown out all the sand bags. How is that for music, children? Ah, now they have fin-ish-ed! If we were to climb over the screen Would we see them all lis-ten-ing at-ten-tive-ly to the Sermon? No, we would see the So-pra-no flirting with the tenor, and the bass and alto reading, and the or-gan-ist asleep.

A Fortunate Accident.

The sound of breaking glass was heard through the dining-room.

"What is it, Joseph? Have you broken another goblet?"

"Yes, but I was real fortunate this time; it only broke in two pieces."

"You call that being 'fortunate,' do you?"

"Yes; madame can't imagine what a bother it is to pick them up when a glass breaks into a thousand pieces."

They opened a new street in Philadelphia the other day, and as they have denuded the vocabulary, they decided to call it "Self-interlocking-nut Street."

A Boston girl lost her nose some time ago by a railroad accident and has received \$5,000 damages. She didn't object so much to the loss of its natural functions, but her eye-glasses would no longer fit.



Drawing Trade.

Mr. Ottendorfer — Mofe dot Efergreens ofer a leedle, Adele! Beople vill dink dis vos Cendral Bark, unt fint demsellufs in de Summer Garten before dat dey knows it, eh?

A Light Matter.

Merchant — Have we received the last month's gas bills?

Clerk — Yes, sir.

Merchant — Well, what is the total charge of the light brigade?

Taking a Negative.

Stranger (entering a photograph gallery in great haste) — Say, do you take negatives here?

Photographer — Yes; do you want to sit?

Stranger — No.

Two Accidents ; or, Which was Switch.

HE.

He was on a railway flyer, dressed in elegant attire; for he was to see Maria at the Fogg's delightful ball.

And he sat and mused an hour at the strange and wondrous power of Miss Jane Maria Gower over suitors one and all.

But his hopes were dashed, for the train was wrecked, and tumbled into a ditch;

He couldn't get to the ball that night on account of a misplaced switch.

SHE.

In a sort of perfumed bower stood Miss Jane Maria Gower. She had yet an even hour to prepare her toilet rare.

But she was in awful hurry, and her maid was in a flurry, and the dashing belle of Murray Hill just then missed her back hair.

Then a search was made, but it did no good. This daughter of the rich

Was obliged to stay at home that night, on account of a misplaced switch.

 Generous Childhood.

Cousin Ned—Now, Edgardo, if you will give me a kiss, I'll show you my watch.

Edgardo (who is blasé)—Huh! that's nothing new. Give the kiss to mamma; she don't get as many as I do.

 The Infant Class Again.

School Teacher—Johnny, what is the second letter of the alphabet?

Johnny—Don't know.

School Teacher—What flies about the garden?

Johnny—When?

School Teacher—In the summer.

Johnny—Oh, I know—mother after the hens.



Pluck.

Foreman of Pressroom — Ink's all out, sir, and I ain't printed but two hundred copies.

Editor — Have you cleaned all the soot out of the lamp chimneys and stove, and used that?

Foreman — Yes, sir.

Editor — Well, then boil down last week's returned copies and squeeze the ink out of them. This paper is bound to get on.

Fashion Notes.

Caps for climax purpose are sold in great numbers.
Cuffs for the ears are going out of favor with the young.
Babies' teeth continue to be cut as formerly.

What He Would See.

"This," said the proud Bostonian, acting as guide to a visitor from the far West, "this is our grand old Common, made hallowed soil by the feet of Washington and the heroes of the Revolution."

"Humph," said the stranger. "And this," with a wave of the hand, "is the famous old State House, dear as his heart's blood to every true-hearted American."

"Yaas, I reckon."

"And here is the Old South Church — sacred edifice! Does it not thrill your very heart's core to stand within the shadow of its time-honored walls?"

"Yaas, I b'leeve it does," says the stranger, vaguely.

"And yonder is Trinity Church, the crowning triumph of modern architectural skill; the most magnificent temple of its kind in America."

"Well, I declare."

"And just beyond is the Art Museum, in which it is a liberal education to spend a day; you will want to spend all the time you can among its priceless works of beauty and art."

"Yes; I'll try to drop in 'fore I go out of town."

"And whither shall we go next? To the historic and sacred ground of Bunker Hill, to famous old Harvard, or to Mount Auburn's hallowed shades?"

The visitor glances at his watch and says:

"Well, I ain't got much more time to look 'round, and there's one place I want to unkiver my head in 'fore I leave old Bosting. I've allotted more on that than on anything else in coming here."

"I shall be glad to guide you to the spot. Is it famous old Faneuil Hall, or ——"

"No; it's to that monnymment of American grit and muscle, John L. Sullivan's saloon."

The Bostonian was carried away in a dead faint.

"You have no idea," said the landlord, "how much it costs to run this hotel." "Oh, yes, I have," said Whitegoods, "I paid my bill this morning."

Had Never Seen One.

Subscriber — I owe you how much, Mr. Quill?

Country Editor — Two dollars, just — one year's subscription to the *Bugle* and fifty auction bills.

Subscriber — Please give me a receipt in full.

Country Editor — A receipt in full? How's that done?



Resisting Temptation.

Tommy — Is it wrong for little boys to smoke, papa?

Papa — Very. It takes away all their appetite among other things.

Tommy — Guess I'll have to take to it, papa. That jar of tamarinds that mamma told me not to touch is tempting me altogether too much.

The Business He Was In.

A countryman and his wife were in town the other day for the first time, and they were wandering around looking in the show windows and having a good time. Finally they came to a bank, and wondering what kind of a business it was that had no signs or display of any kind, the man stepped in to inquire. There was no one in at the time but a very nobby young clerk — who was also very smart — and as the rustic gazed around at everything, the clerk tackled him for some sport.

“Very fine place we have here, sir,” he said. “Can we do anything for you to-day?”

“Well, durn me,” said the visitor, ignoring the question; “this beats ’em all. What kind uv a dog-gone business do you do here, anyhow? What do you sell?”

“Oh, we do a great business. We sell mules.”

“No, you don’t say? Well, durn me.” He stepped to the door and called his wife. “Sal, come here an’ look.” She came in and he led her around. “Jist think uv it, Sal. Ain’t it purty? An’ Sal they sell mules here. That’s ther business. Trade’s good too, Sal. Jist look at him,” he continued, jerking his thumb toward the clerk; “he’s the only one they’ve got left, an’ I reckon they wouldn’t have him, ef the collar he’s been workin’ in hadn’t skinned his neck an’ shoulders.”

As they passed out, the man remarked softly to his wife: “We may be from the head warters, Sal, but that’s no sign we don’t know mules.”

He Didn’t Complain.

Finks — Don’t you object to your wife wearing such a enormously high hat, Binks?

Binks — No, not at all. I complained of it once, and she said she would take of an inch for every drink I refused.

Finks — No wonder you don’t complain any more.

Why She Didn’t Want That Kind.

Husband — Going to get a hat to-day, dear? What will it be — a high one?

Wife — No, dear, I shan’t go to the theatre much this winter.



Comparative Zoology.

Voice (from outside)—Grandpa!

Ethelbert—S-h, he's asleep, and I'm having an elegant time with him. I've found *four* monkeys that he looks like in my natural history book, and I'm waiting for him to move a little and look like this gorilla.

Reckless.

They were visiting Boston for the first time, although they had lived all their lives within fifty miles of its limits. He had, in an unguarded moment, given full rein to a streak of generosity bordering on reckless extravagance. In his calmer moments it made his blood run cold to recall how he and "maw" had "made the money fly down tew Bosting."

Hardly had they left the train when he said:

"Now, maw, le's injoy ourselves. Now, yew jess buy anything yer a mind ter. See anything ye'd like to eat?"

"Yes, paw; I've allus thought I'd like to taste one o' them bananers."

"All *right*, maw; a bananer it is. Here's some. Jest hand over a bananer, will ye, mister? One o' them specked ones will do, I reckon. How much? Two cents? Purty steep, but maw wanted it, an' she hed to *hev* it. See anything else you'd like, maw?"

"I do'no but I *would* like a little mite o' pepp'mint candy, bein's as I ain't had any for 'bout nineteen years—not sence we was married, paw."

"No? All *right*. Here's a three-cent shiner, an' we'll lay it *all* out in pepp'mints. Blamed if I ain't a mind to buy an orange, too. Whacher say, maw?"

"I *would* like it, paw. I do'no as I 'member how oranges do taste."

"An orange it is; an' we'll take the peelin' home to the children. We said we'd bring 'em *something*. Anything else you want, maw? Don't be afeered to speak right out. Blamed if I care if I *do* spend a little money a-pleasurin'."

"You s'pose we could afford a ride on the horse keers, paw? I've allus lotted on doin' it if I got a chance."

"I reckon we kin. They say you kin ride five miles fer five cents, an' we'll jest go 'em a dime's worth. We kin walk back, an' see more. Say, maw, whacher say to an *ocean* ride?"

"Oh, paw!"

"I'm in dead earnest."

"Oh, paw; *kin* we afford it?"

"That's what we kin. I've brung seventy-five cents to spend, and blamed if I keer if it *all* goes, though I *did* cal'late a leetle on gittin' a box o' matches an' some terbacker, an' a few other leetle things with what was left of it. But you say the word, and off we go, over the salty deep."

"I'd *like* it, paw."

"That settles it. Come right along. Two tickets fer Chelsea ferry'll cost only four cents, and blamed if I don't buy 'em and make the trip. It'll be something to brag on back home. Hooray! who cares fer ixpenses? Off we go fer a

ocean tower crost Chelsea ferry. Blamed if I ain't a notion to buy some crackers an' cheese to eat on the trip."

"Oh, paw!"

"Blamed if I *don't*!" I don't do things by halves. All you've got to do is to sing out, an' if I don't have three cents worth 'o bolony sassingers, too, my name ain't Zed Simpson."



No Steam and Plenty of Wind on the Top Flat.

Policeman (6 A. M.)—Hi, there! What are you about?

Citizen—What am I about? Man alive, my home is in the sixteenth story of the Heaven Apartment House over there. I've come down here to get warm.

Pertinent.

He—I see that Oscar Wilde has reiterated that America will never take her place among the nations until she can show some ruins.

She—I wonder if Oscar ever heard of the Grant Monument fund?

No Chances Lost.

Small Boy — Pop, what's that queer building for?

Wise Father — That is the publication office of a newspaper

Small Boy — A boy's paper?

Wise Father — No, it's a political organ.

Small Boy — What's all that black smoke coming out of the chimney for?

Wise Father — I suppose that is a bid for the colored vote.

Flaunting Her Wealth.

Miss Pride — Humph! That Miss Tiptop needn't boast that her family has a French cook. Anybody might know that.

Mrs. Pride — They might?

Miss Pride — Easily enough. There is always an onion odor about her.

Why It Failed.

Political Boss — See here, didn't I tell you to run this paper so I'd get plenty of votes?

Hired Editor — I have never lost a chance to appeal to the prejudices of your constituents.

Political Boss — Then how does it happen that my political strength is no greater than it was before?

Hired Editor — The people you depend on can't read.

The Wrong Shop.

Irate Mourner — See here, I thought you said you had your own horses and carriages?

Undertaker — That's what I have and that's what was used at the funeral.

Irate Mourner — I supposed, of course, the horses were trained into something like a respectful demeanor; but, sir, they came back from the cemetery as if home from a race.

Undertaker — Oh, that's what's the matter. Well, if you wanted horses which would travel in mourning style both ways why didn't you go to a livery stable?



Small Boy — Mamma, Colonel Jones has a wooden arm.
Guess which one ?

Mamma (politely guesses the wrong one).

Small Boy — Wrong, guess again ?

Perhaps They Were Right.

Maude — At Miss Doolittle's luncheon to-day the girls were all talking about your marriage, Mamie. They said your husband was old and decrepit, and that you married him for his money.

Mamie — And what did you say, Maude?

Maude — I said that you did not do any such thing.

Mamie — H-have you seen my husband, Maude?

Maude — No.

Mamie — I thought not.

The Hustler, 22.



Caution Born of Experience.

"Mah mammy, she gwine ter hab comp'ny ter night. Wan's ter know 'f yo'll go len her a hahm fer ter ornymen' de table viv."

"Am de Clay boys gwine to be dar?"

"Umph."

"Yo' go tell yo' mammy I done shet down on de char't'ble interiah dec'ration bizness las' time dem boys ate 'way frum hohm."

A Dangerous Practice.

Finks—What's the matter, Blinks, you look unwell.

Blinks—Caught my death of cold to-day—shivered all the way down to the office.

Finks—Wern't you dressed as warm as usual?

Blinks—Yes, but just as I was leaving the house, that infernal fool of a Blinkson told me what the thermometer was.



A Nice Distinction.

Mistress — Have I not forbidden you, Marie, to entertain men in the kitchen?

Marie — Oui, Madam; but zee voice zat you hear ees not a voice of a man.

Mistress — No?

Marie — Non, Madame; eet is a policeman.

Taking Care of the Stock.

New Jersey Wife — John, I'd like some wood split right away.

New Jersey Husband — Can't do it for ten minutes. I haven't driven the mosquitoes down to water yet.

Western Society Phrases.

Boston Mother — Oh, yes, all my daughters are in society now. My youngest came out last week.

Chicago Woman — We say "make her *début*" out West. Oh, by the way, has she made a mash yet?

He Found a Good Name.

Young Wife—John, dear, have you decided what name to give our dear, precious, sweet little baby?

Young Husband—Yes; I have found a very appropriate one.

Young Wife—What is it?

Young Husband (who has paced the floor with “precious” o’ nights)—Insomnia.

Another Excuse.

“I see that bacteria have been discovered in Hudson River ice,” observed Fangle.

“Ah!” replied his wife; “that will be another excuse for raising the price, I suppose.”

A Troublesome Law.

“Will you please pass the butter?” said the landlady’s daughter to the star boarder.

“I’m sorry,” replied the latter, who was a railway clerk, “but the new law prohibits all passes.”

She Knew Him.

“Did my husband come in on this train?” anxiously inquired a very masculine looking woman of the depot master.

“I never saw your husband, madam. Don’t know whether he came or not. Where did he come from?”

“Syracuse.”

“Well, come to think, there *was* a man with his pants in his boots got off the train.”

“Yes?”

“He was very much frightened at first, but when he had looked about the depot, and didn’t see the one he was looking for, he kind of braced up and went away.”

“That’s John!” she said, and she turned on her heel to hunt him up.



At the Jersey Pigeon Shoot.

Master of Ceremonies — Why don't you fire, man? The trap's sprung!

Crack English Shot (who has passed the previous night near the grounds — I thought those were some more of your blawsted mosquitoes, yer knaw.

Going into Mourning.

Manager of Theatre — Well, the proprietor of the house is dead. We must do something to show our respect for his memory.

Treasurer — Yes, of course. I suppose you'll close the house for a night or two.

Manager — No-o. Business is too good. I'll put the chorus in black tights for a week, though.

Preaching and Practice.

Great Editor — Well, what's the matter now?

Reporter — The local editor has just assigned me to a job which will keep me going four hours longer, and I have already been working steadily for sixteen hours and am nearly dead. Therefore I appeal to you to reverse his action, considering that I am paid only fifteen dollars a week.

G. E. — See here, sir; are you not aware that for me, the owner of this paper, to interfere between my lieutenants and their underlings would be subversive of all discipline?

R. — But I can't stand the labor they require, and neither can any other man, more than a month at a stretch.

G. E. — Reporters are plenty enough, and fresh men can be found when wanted. What is the job you are to be sent out on now?

R. — He wants me to interview twenty-five labor agitators.

G. E. — Start at once, sir. I must have their views before I can finish my article on "Five Hours Work, Ten Hours Play, Nine Hours Sleep and Ten Dollars a Day."

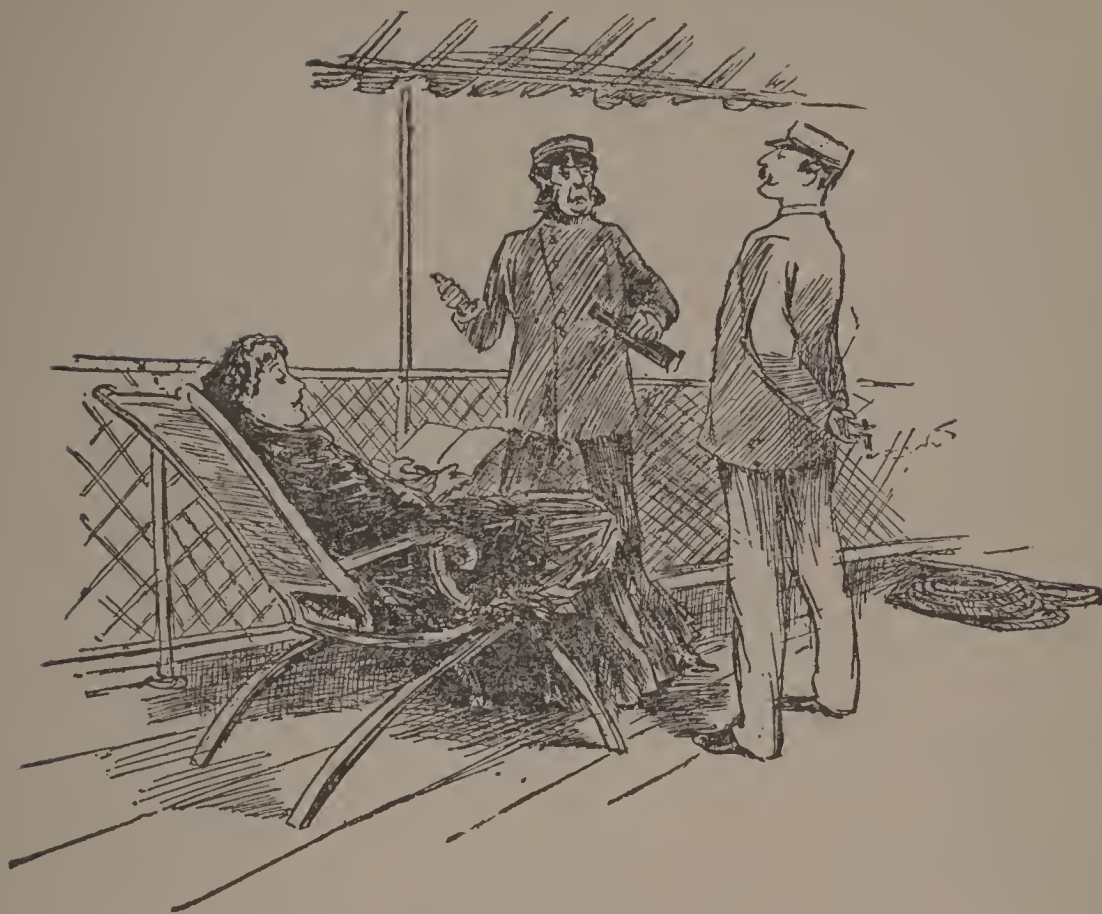
She Changed Her Mind.

Mrs. Pious — I do wish, Mr. McSnorter, that you would come up and see my husband. He is very ill, and I am afraid will die without experiencing religion. Don't you think you can convince him of the necessity of atoning for his past neglect?

Rev. McSnorter — I will try, Mrs. Pious. I will come up this afternoon and see if I can't induce him to leave some of his fortune to the new theological seminary.

Mrs. Pious (hastily) — On second thought, Mr. McSnorter, I don't believe your presence will be necessary.

"They have some queer whisky bottles in Atlanta. One looks just like a book." Bacon must have had the perusal of one of these books in his mind when he said: "Reading makes a full man."



In Southern Waters.

Anxious Skipper — The barometer has fallen, sir.

Unnautical Sailoress — Never mind, Captain! Don't feel so badly over it. We can get another when we get to Key West.

A Settled Fact.

Wife — John, I want seven dollars for a dog collar.

Husband — Seven dollars! You must be crazy. All I pay for my collars is twenty-five cents.

Wife — Yes, John, but you're no dog.

He Liked What He Saw of It.

Dramatic Author — What did you think of my play?

Friend — I liked what I saw of it.

Dramatic Author — What part was that?

Friend — I got in just as the curtain was descending on the last act.

A Wound-Up Witness.

"Now, madam," said the attorney for the prosecution to a small, wiry, thin-lipped witness, "please tell us in as few words as possible all you know about this case."

"I'll do that, sir," was the decided reply, "and I'll do it in mighty short order. And I'll tell the truth, the *hull* truth, and nothing *but* the truth. Lying don't run in our fam'ly. If there's anything on top of this created earth that I ——"

"Confine yourself to the case, please."

"I'll do *that*, sir; don't you be a bit skeered 'bout Mandy Marier Perkins. She's been on the witness stand before, she has, and a hull raft of lawyers and the jedge throwed in tried to ——"

"Please state what you know about the case of the State vs. John Doe."

"To be shure I will. That's what I'm here for. My land, didn't I leave my reg'lar Monday wash over till Tuesday and put off bread bakin' a-purpose to come and tell that very thing. Of course I did. And if this court thinks it can tangle 'Mandy Marier Perkins up on her evidence, it's badly left, for ——"

"But this has nothing to do with the case. Do you know John Doe?"

"Me know old John Doe? *Me?* Great Scott! Why, man alive, John Doe's first wife's brother and my sister-in-law's half cousin used to be sweet on each other, and ——"

"*Please* confine yourself strictly to facts relating to this case."

"Facts? If it ain't facts I'm giving you my name ain't 'Mandy Marier ——"

"We know what your name is."

"Well, it's a name that the finger of scorn can't be pointed at. My fam'ly *re-cord* is as straight and as clear as ——"

"We don't doubt it, madam; but ——"

"I could *prove* it if you *did* doubt it. Lyin' don't run in our fam'ly. If I was once caught in an out and out lie I think to the land I'd ——"

She began at ten in the morning; and at 12.30 she had run down sufficiently to make manifest the information that she

had never seen John Doe in all her life, and that all she knew about the case had been told her by her husband's sister's aunt's half-brother's wife's step-son's mother-in-law, who come of a family that "run to lies."



Ungallant.

Little Toodles—I wish you had some skates too, Aunt Meg.

Aunt Meg (wishing to encourage generosity)—You might let me take yours.

Little Toodles—No; you don't know what I mean. I thought it would be so nice for you to skate ahead of me and find all the weak places in the ice

A lad walked eighteen miles in his sleep the other day. That boy has the making of an ideal policeman.

A Good "Morrel" Town.

A Boston woman wrote to the mayor of a new town in Wyoming, asking him for information regarding the state of society in his town, as she contemplated going there for the benefit of the health of her children. On receiving his reply she concluded to remain in Boston for awhile longer. The mayor wrote:

"As for sowciety, it is bang up. This is a mity morrel town considerin' that there's sixty-nine saloons to a poppylation of 2,000. But every saloon has a sine up, sayin': 'All fitin' must be done outside.' 'No Killing allowed in This Room.' Only two men has been killed since Monday, and to-morrer will be Wensday. Cheating at gambling is punished by lynchin', and every effort is made to put the town on a good morrel baysis. Ladies is universally respected, and I sell them beer at half price when they buy at my place. There is a grand sacred concert and free dance here ev'ry Sunday night and preaching every Sunday that the pastor don't have ter stay to home on account of the big rush at his bowling alley. Don't hezzytate about coming here on ackount of sowciety. This is a morrel town."

Demanding a Retraction.

Col. Ponsonby — I understand that in the last issue of the *Bugle* you said Major Ryan was my *fidus achates*.

Editor — Well, yes, Colonel, I did.

Col. Ponsonby — Well, I want you to understand he is nothing of the sort. Major Ryan is one of the best friends I have.

A Generous Heart.

Beggar — Gimme a penny, mister?

Gentleman — Yes, here you are.

Beggar — Here, hold on; this is counterfeit.

Gentleman — Well, keep it; it'll do you as much good as it will me.



Didn't Want to be Bothered.

Servant—If you please, mum, I'd like you to come and look at the bread. I don't know whether it's done or not.

Housekeeper—Mercy, Mary, I wish you wouldn't bother me with such things. I know nothing about cooking, and besides I'm busy just now writing my weekly letter on household recipes.

A Sad Chicago Romance.

Gotham Man—Got tired of Chicago, eh!

Chicago Man—I have concluded to settle in New York

because I need new associations. I had a very sad romance in Chicago, and familiar scenes are now very painful to me.

G. M.—I suppose so.

C. M.—Yes, I was in the shoe business there and was engaged to a girl, but at the last moment she refused and married some one else. Then I sued her to recover \$25 for a pair of shoes I had made for her.

G. M.—Humph!

C. M.—You see it was the only way I could get even with her.

G. M.—I can't see much satisfaction in that.

C. M.—Revenge, sir, sweet revenge! In the bill of particulars I charged only two dollars for the making and twenty-three dollars for the material.

A Corrected Error.

Mrs. General Jackson—"Hi, yo' Missus Julius C. Winterbottom, yo' better look out how yo' goin' roun' prewaricatin' 'bout me."

Mrs. Julius C. Winterbottom—"Hauh? Who's prewaricatin', I'd like to know?"

Mrs. General Jackson—"Yo' is. Did'n yo' go cirk'late roun' dat General Jackson wah my sixth husban'?"

Mrs. Winterbottom—"Well?"

Mrs. General Jackson—"It ain't the truf; he's on'y my *fifth*. Now yo' bettah min' yo'se'f aftah dis, an' stop tryin' to mek out like as if I made a bizness ob marryin'."

How He Liked It.

"Did you ever play poker?"

"Once."

"How did you like the game?"

"I was very much taken with it."

"Were you?"

"Yes; taken in."



A Mal-a-propos Question.

Arthur and Clarence are so devoted to the game, that they have just pawned their overcoats to enable them to indulge in billiards.

Attendant (briskly): Goin' ter play th' three ball game, gents?

Horrible.

First Saleslady—What a vindictive girl that person over at the umbrella counter is.

Second Saleslady—Indeed!

First Saleslady—Yes; she told Maggie Root yesterday that she wouldn't give her a mouthful of food if she was drowning.

Poor Mandy.

We announce with pleasure that the man mentioned in the following tale was ridden on a rail and ducked in a mud puddle when the facts in the case became known to his friends.

As a reward for her twenty-five years of slave-like labor on his farm he had taken his wife to a circus.

When the lemonade man came around, the old lady looked wistfully toward it and said to this champion mean man—

“That’s lem’nade, ain’t it, paw?”

“I reckon so,” said “paw.” “Jest look at them elephants, maw.”

“It looks like it might be right good,” said ma, her eyes still fixed on the lemonade.

“Looks air deceivin’, maw; and the best o’ lem’nade made ain’t fit stuff to put into one’s stummicks.”

“I’ve heerd it was healthy, paw.”

“Well, it ain’t; it’s—jest see that fool clown!”

“I’m mighty dry, paw.”

“Well, the show won’t last more’n an hour longer, I reckon, an’ then we’ll hunt up a good well.”

“It’s ben so long since I swallowed any lem’nade that I’ve clean forgot how it tastes.”

“It ain’t very good.”

“I liked it powerful, last I had of it. It looks amazin’ good and I’m ’bout choked. Wonder if it’s as good as it looks.”

The lemonade man came closer; “paw” asked—

“What’s the damidge for a glass of it?”

“Five cents.”

“All right; hand us over a glass—that one with the piece of lemon rine in it.”

He took the glass; a grateful look came into maw’s face; it died away and gave place to one of cruel disappointment as paw, with two mighty gulps, drained the glass to its last drop, fished out the slice of lemon and said, as he handed it to her—

“It *was* mighty good, Mandy; you kin have the rine to carry home an’ season up your next batch of dried apple sass with. Best lem’nade I ever drunk in my life.”



Force of Habit.

Conductor—Tickets, please.

Einstein (taking a nap, but speaking from the heart)—Veli, vot you got?

—
Their Fine Arts.

"I presume the West is still too new for the people there to be greatly interested in the fine arts," said Mrs. Esthetic to Mrs. Cowboy, who was making a tour of the effete East.

"That's where you're off," was Mrs. Cowboy's reply. "We never get left on a thing of that kind. My man can hit the bull's-eye at forty rods every pop, and I ain't any slouch at bringing down a bird on the fly myself. We have reg'lar shooting-matches often in our town, and crowds come. We have wheelbarrer races and climbing a greased pole and dog fights and a great many other improving performances. Oh, we know what culcher and fine arts is, we do."

Dakota Dick's Diary.

Januaree 1.—Saw a scrap in a newspaper that all gentlemen keep diaries. As I perpose to keep in style, heer gose: Planted Cock-eyed Bill to-day.

Jan. 2.—Lucky Long cot steelin' a hoss; perfest his inner-cence; was strung up, though.

Jan. 3.—Wildcat Tom, from Injeanny, tried to run the town, a kermitte wated on him and he dusted.

Jan. 4.—Drunk $\frac{1}{2}$ gal mounten due and won five dols at poker.

Jan. 5.—Chiney boys tried to work in their claim. Kermitte vetoed it.

Jan. 6.—Sixteen redskins came into camp and lifted ten sculps. Pore Jim Simkins went under.

Jan. 7.—Frog-face Frank got into a scrap with two fellers and got dunfer.

Jan. 8.—Cleaned up my artillery.

Jan 9.—Invited to irrigate 17 times.

Jan. 10.—Killed 2 pesky Injins to-day. Not much doin'

Jan. 11.—Strung up another hoss thief.

Jan. 12.—Tne editor of the *Skinner's Point Bazoo* hung for getting off a chestnut.

Jan. 13.—Citizens elected a coroner to-day, as that business is boomin'.

Jan. 14.—Zinc toothed Joe, the new coroner, shot to-day.

Jan 15.—Free fight. Four fellers guv up the gost.

Jan. 16.—Gess I'm tired of the diary biz.

Merely a Precaution.

He—What do you mean, Angelina, by instituting a breach of promise suit against me after our short engagement?

She—It's only a rule I've always adopted, George, dear, in matters of this kind. You've only known me four months.

He—What of that?

She—Well, I don't know how it will be when you have known me longer.



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